

A ALE OF TWO CITIES

(*ABRIDGED*)

BY
CHARLES DICKENS
(1812-1870)

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
PHIZ

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HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE



Lucie, Charles Darnay, Sidney Carton, Dr Manette
and Jarvis Lorry.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

Book the First.—Recalled to Life

CHAPTER I.

THE MAIL

IT was the Dover road that lay, on a Friday night late in November, before the first of the persons with whom this story has business. The Dover road lay, as to him, beyond the Dover mail, as it lumbered up Shooter's Hill. He walked up hill in the mire by the side of the mail, to cause the hill, and the harness, and the mud, and the mail, were all so heavy, that the horses had three times already come to a stop.

Two other passengers were plodding up the hill by the side of the mail. All three were wrapped to the cheek-bones and over the ears, and wore jack-boots. Not one of the three could have said, from anything he saw, what either of the other two was like. In those days, travellers were very shy of being confidential on a short notice, for anybody on the road might be a robber or in league with robbers. As to the latter, it was the likeliest thing upon the cards. So the guard of the Dover mail thought to himself, that night in November, one thousand seven hundred

and seventy-five, as he stood on his perch behind the mail, and keeping an eye on the arm-chest before him, where a loaded blunderbuss lay at the top of six or eight loaded horse-pistols

“Wo-ho !” said the coachman. “So, then ! One more pull and you’re at the top ”

The last burst carried the mail to the summit of the hill. The horses stopped to breathe again, and the guard got down to open the coach-door to let the passengers in.

“Tst ! Joe !” cried the coachman in a warning voice

“What do you say, Tom ? ”

They both listened

“I say a horse at a canter coming up, Joe ”

“I say a horse at a gallop, Tom,” returned the guard, and, mounting nimbly to his place, he cocked his blunderbuss, and stood on the offensive

The sound of a horse at a gallop came fast and furiously up the hill

“So-ho !” the guard sang out “Stand ! I shall fire ! ”

The pace was suddenly checked, and a man’s voice called from the mist, “Is that the Dover mail ? ”

“Why do you want to know ? ”

“I want a passenger, if it is ”

“What passenger ? ”

“Mr. Jarvis Lorry ”

“Keep where you are,” the guard called to the voice in the mist, “because, if I should make a mistake, it could never be set right in your lifetime Gentleman of the name of Lorry answer straight ”

“What is the matter ? ” asked the passenger. “Who wants me ? Is it Jerry ? ”

“Yes, Mr Lorry.”

“What is the matter ? ”

“A despatch sent after you from over yonder. T. and Co ”

“I know this messenger, guard,” said Mr. Lorry “He may come close , there’s nothing wrong ”

“I hope there ain’t,” said the guard

“Hallo you ! Come on at a footpace ! d’ye mind me ? So now let’s look at you ”

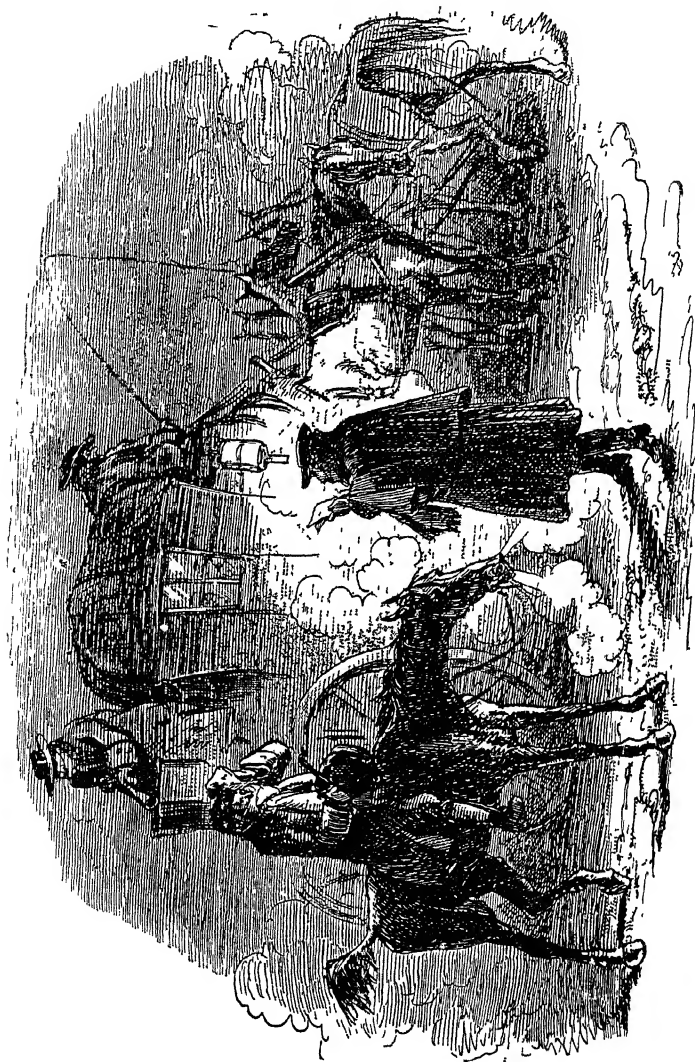
The figures of a horse and rider came slowly through the mist. The rider stooped, and handed the passenger a small folded paper

“Guard ! ” said the passenger, “there is nothing to apprehend. I belong to Tellson’s Bank. I am going to Paris on business. I may read this ? ”

“If so be as you’re quick, sir ”

He opened it in the light of the coach-lamp on that side, and read—first to himself and then aloud “ ‘Wait at Dover for Mam’selle ’ Jerry, say that my answer was, RECALLED TO LIFE Take that message back, and they will know that I received this Good night ”

[*Mr Lorry re-entered the coach Jerry went slowly down Shooter’s Hill and the coach went on to Dover*]



He opened it in the light of the coach lamp.

CHAPTER II.

THE PREPARATION.

WHEN the mail got to Dover, in the course of the forenoon, the head drawer at the Royal George Hotel opened the coach-door, and Mr. Lorry alighted.

“ There will be a packet to Calais, to-morrow, drawer ? ”

“ Yes, sir, if the weather holds and the wind sets tolerable fair.”

“ I shall not go to bed till night ; but I want a bedroom, and a barber.”

“ And then breakfast, sir ? Yes, sir. That way, sir, if you please.”

[Mr. Lorry retired to his room and later came to his breakfast. While waiting at the table, he dropped off to sleep.]

The arrival of his breakfast roused him, and he said to the drawer :

“ I wish accommodation prepared for a young lady who may come here at any time to-day. She may ask for Mr. Jarvis Lorry, or she may only ask for a gentleman from Tellson’s Bank. Please to let me know.

[The young lady did not arrive until the evening, and Mr. Lorry then went to her room to see her.]

Mr. Lorry, picking his way over the well-worn Turkey carpet, saw standing to receive him, a young lady of not more than seventeen. As his eyes rested on a short, slight,

pretty figure, a quantity of golden hair, a pair of blue eyes that met his own with an inquiring look, a sudden vivid likeness passed before him, of a child whom he had held in his arms on the passage across that very Channel, when the hail drifted heavily and the sea ran high. The likeness passed away, and he made his formal bow to Miss Manette.

“ I received a letter from the Bank, sir, yesterday, informing me that some intelligence—or discovery—respecting the small property of my poor father, whom I never saw—so long dead—rendered it necessary that I should go to Paris, there to communicate with a gentleman of the Bank ”

“ Myself ”

“ I replied to the Bank, sir, that as it was considered necessary that I should go to France, I should esteem it highly if I might be permitted to place myself, during the journey, under that worthy gentleman’s protection. The gentleman had left London, but I think a messenger was sent after him to beg the favour of his waiting for me here. It was told me by the Bank that the gentleman would explain to me the details of the business, and that I must prepare myself to find them of a surprising nature ”

[Mr Lorry then told her the story of an imaginary doctor of Beauvais who, long thought to be dead, had been found alive. The story was so like that of her father that Miss Manette saw through the old banker’s subterfuge and realised that the news that her father was alive was the surprising information that she had come to receive.]

" But he has been—been found Greatly changed, it is too probable , almost a wreck, it is possible , though we will hope the best Your father has been taken to the house of an old servant in Paris, and we are going there I, to identify him if I can : you, to restore him to life, love, duty, rest, comfort "

A shiver ran through her frame, and from it through his. Mr Lorry quietly chafed the hands that held his arm. " There, there, there ! The best and the worst are known to you, now You are well on your way to the poor wronged gentleman, and you will soon be at his dear side. Only one thing more," said Mr. Lorry " he has been found under another name ; his own, long forgotten or long concealed Better not mention the subject, anywhere or in any way, and to remove him—for a while at all events—out of France Even I, safe as an Englishman, and even Tellson's, important as they are to French credit, avoid all naming of the matter. I carry about me not a scrap of writing openly referring to it My credentials, entries, and memoranda, are all comprehended in the one line, ' Recalled to Life.' But what is the matter ! She doesn't notice a word ! Miss Manette ! "

Perfectly still and silent, and not even fallen back in her chair, she sat, utterly insensible , with her eyes open and fixed upon him. So close was her hold upon his arm, that he feared to detach himself lest he should hurt her , therefore he called out loudly for assistance without moving

[The news had been too much Miss Manette had fainted Assistance came in the person of a wild-looking, red-haired

woman who quickly pushed Mr. Lorry out of the way and attended to Miss Manette.]

CHAPTER III.

THE WINE-SHOP

A LARGE cask of wine had been dropped and broken, in the street

All the people within reach had suspended their business, or their idleness, to run to the spot and drink the wine. Some men kneeled down, made scoops of their two hands joined, and sipped, before the wine had all run out between their fingers.

The wine was red wine, and had stained the ground of the narrow street in the suburb of Saint Antoine, in Paris, where it was spilled. It had stained many hands, too, and many faces, and many naked feet, and many wooden shoes. Those who had been greedy with the staves of the cask, had acquired a tigerish smear about the mouth, and one tall joker so besmirched, scrawled upon a wall with his finger dipped in muddy wine-lees—BLOOD

The wine-shop was a corner shop, and the master of the wine-shop had stood outside it, looking on at the struggle for the lost wine. "It's not my affair," said he, with a shrug of the shoulders. "The people from the market did it. Let them bring another."

There, his eyes happening to catch the tall joker writing up his joke, he called to him across the way :

“ Say, then, my Gaspard, what do you do there ? What now ? Are you a subject for the mad hospital ? ” said the wine-shop keeper, crossing the road, and obliterating the jest with a handful of mud “ Why do you write in the public streets ? Is there no other place to write such words in ? ”

This wine-shop keeper was a bull-necked, martial-looking man of thirty. He was a dark man, with good eyes and a good bold breadth between them. Good-humoured looking on the whole, but evidently a man of a strong resolution and a set purpose.

Madame Defarge, his wife, sat in the shop behind the counter Madame Defarge was a stout woman, with a watchful eye that seldom seemed to look at anything, a steady face, strong features, and great composure of manner. Madame Defarge said nothing when her lord came in, but coughed just one grain of cough This suggested to her husband that he would do well to look round the shop among the customers, for any new customer who had dropped in

The wine-shop keeper accordingly rolled his eyes about, until they rested upon an elderly gentleman and a young lady. As he passed behind the counter, he took notice that the elderly gentleman said in a look to the young lady, “ This is our man.”

But he feigned not to notice the two strangers, and fell into discourse with the customers who were drinking at the counter They paid for their wine, and left The eyes of Monsieur Defarge were studying his wife at her knitting

when the elderly gentleman advanced, and begged the favour of a word.

“Willingly, sir,” said Monsieur Defarge, and quietly stepped with him to the door

Their conference was very short, but very decided. Almost at the first word, Monsieur Defarge started and became deeply attentive. It had not lasted a minute, when he nodded and went out. The gentleman then beckoned to the young lady, and they, too, went out. Madame Defarge knitted with nimble fingers and steady eyebrows, and saw nothing.

Mr. Jarvis Lorry and Miss Manette joined Monsieur Defarge in the doorway, which opened from a stinking little back courtyard. In the gloomy tile-paved entry to the gloomy tile-paved staircase, Monsieur Defarge bent down on one knee to the child of his old master, and put her hand to his lips.

“It is very high, it is a little difficult.” Thus Monsieur Defarge, in a stern voice, to Mr. Lorry, as they began ascending the stairs.

At last, the top of the staircase was gained, and they stopped for the third time. There was yet an upper staircase to be ascended before the garret story was reached. The keeper of the wine-shop took out a key.

“The door is locked then, my friend?” said Mr. Lorry, surprised.

“Ay. Yes,” was the grim reply of Monsieur Defarge.

“Why?”

“Why! Because he has lived so long, locked up, that

he would be frightened—die—come to I know not what harm—if this door was left open ’

The door slowly opened inward under his hand, and he looked into the room and said something. A faint voice answered something.

He beckoned them to enter. Mr. Lorry got his arm securely round the daughter’s waist, and held her , for he felt that she was sinking.

“ I am afraid of it,” she answered, shuddering.

“ Of it ? What ? ”

“ I mean of him Of my father ”

Rendered in a manner desperate, by her state and by the beckoning of their conductor, he lifted her a little, and hurried her into the room He sat her down just within the door, and held her, clinging to him

The garret was dim and dark for the window was in truth a door in the roof To exclude the cold, one half of this door was fast closed, and the other was opened but a very little way. Such a scanty portion of light was admitted through these means, that it was difficult, on first coming in, to see anything Yet work was being done in the garret , for a white-haired man sat on a low bench making shoes.

CHAPTER IV

THE SHOEMAKER

“ Good day ! ” said Monsieur Defarge, looking down at the white head that bent low over the shoemaking

It was raised for a moment, and a very faint voice responded to the salutation :

“ Good day ! ”

“ You are still hard at work, I see ”

After a long silence, the head was lifted for another moment, and the voice replied, “ Yes—I am working ”

“ I want,” said Defarge, “ to let in a little more light here You can bear a little more ? ”

The shoemaker stopped his work

“ What did you say ? ”

“ You can bear a little more light ? ”

“ I must bear it, if you let it in ”

The opened half-door was opened a little further A broad ray of light fell into the garret, and showed the workman with an unfinished shoe upon his lap, pausing in his labour He had a white beard, raggedly cut, a hollow face, and exceedingly bright eyes.

He had put up a hand between his eyes and the light, and the very bones of it seemed transparent So he sat, with a steadfastly vacant gaze, pausing in his work

Mr Lorry came silently forward, leaving the daughter by the door When he had stood, for a minute or two, by the side of Defarge, the shoemaker looked up

‘ You have a visitor, you see,” said Monsieur Defarge

The shoemaker looked up as before, but without removing a hand from his work.

“ Come ! ” said Defarge. “ Here is monsieur, who knows a well-made shoe when he sees one Show him that shoe you are working at Take it, monsieur ”

Mr. Lorry took it in his hand.

“ Tell monsieur what kind of shoe it is, and the maker’s name.”

There was a longer pause than usual, before the shoemaker replied :

“ Did you ask me for my name ? ”

“ Assuredly I did.”

“ One Hundred and Five, North Tower.”

“ Is that all ? ”

“ One Hundred and Five, North Tower.”

As he held out his hand for the shoe that had been taken from him, Mr. Lorry said :

“ Monsieur Manette, do you remember nothing of me ? ”

The shoe dropped to the ground, and he sat looking fixedly at the questioner.

“ Monsieur Manette, do you remember nothing ? Is there no old banker, no old business, no old servant, no old time, rising in your mind, Monsieur Manette ? ”

As the captive of many years sat looking fixedly, by turns, at Mr. Lorry and at Defarge, some long obliterated marks of intelligence forced themselves through the black mist that had fallen on him. They were overclouded again, they were fainter, they were gone ; but they had been there. Darkness had fallen on him in its place. Finally, with a deep long sigh, he took the shoe up, and resumed his work.

“ Have you recognised him, monsieur ? ” asked Defarge in a whisper.

“ Yes ; for a moment. Hush ! Let us draw further back. Hush ! ”

Miss Manette had moved from the wall of the garret, very near to the bench on which he sat

Not a word was spoken, not a sound was made. She stood, like a spirit, beside him, and he bent over his work.

It happened, at length, that he had occasion to change the instrument in his hand, for his shoemaker's knife. He had taken it up, and was stooping to work again, when his eyes caught the skirt of her dress. He raised them, and saw her face

He stared at her, and after a while his lips began to form some words, though no sound proceeded from them. By degrees he was heard to say

"What is this? You are not the gaoler's daughter?"

She sighed "No"

"Who are you?"

Not yet trusting the tones of her voice, she sat down on the bench beside him.

Her golden hair fell down over her neck. Advancing his hand by little and little, he took it up and looked at it. In the midst of the action he went astray, and, with another deep sigh, fell to work at his shoemaking

But not for long. Releasing his arm, she laid her hand upon his shoulder. After looking doubtfully at it, two or three times, he laid down his work, put his hand to his neck, and took off a blackened string with a scrap of folded rag attached to it. He opened this, carefully, and it contained a very little quantity of hair: not more than one or two long golden hairs

He took her hair into his hand again, and looked closely



The shoemaker

at it. "It is the same. How can it be?" He turned her full to the light, and looked at her "She had laid her head upon my shoulder, that night when I was

summoned out—and when I was brought to the North Tower they found these upon my sleeve” She sat perfectly still in his grasp, and only said, in a low voice, “I entreat you, good gentlemen, do not come near us, do not speak, do not move!”

“Hark!” he exclaimed “Whose voice was that? What is your name, my gentle angel?”

Hailing his softened tone and manner, his daughter fell upon her knees before him.

“O, sir, at another time you shall know my name But I cannot tell you at this time, and I cannot tell you here. All that I may tell you, here and now, is, that I pray to you to touch me and to bless me. Kiss me, kiss me! O my dear, my dear!”

His cold white head mingled with her radiant hair, which warmed and lighted it as though it were the light of Freedom shining on him

“If you hear in my voice any resemblance to a voice that once was sweet music in your ears, weep for it, weep for it! If you touch, in touching my hair, anything that recalls a beloved head, weep for it, weep for it!”

She held him closer round the neck, and rocked him on her breast like a child

“Good gentlemen, thank God! I feel his sacred tears upon my face, and his sobs strike against my heart O, see! Thank God for us, thank God!”

He had sunk in her arms, and his face dropped on her breast

When the quiet of the garret had been long undisturbed,

and his heaving breast and shaken form had long yielded to the calm that must follow all storms, they came forward to raise the father and daughter from the ground. He had gradually dropped to the floor, and lay there, worn out. She had nestled down with him, that his head might lie upon her arm ; and her hair drooping over him curtained him from the light.

[Defarge advised that as soon as possible Monsieur Manette should leave France.]

The prisoner had got into a coach, and his daughter had followed him, when Mr. Lorry's feet were arrested on the step by his asking, miserably, for his shoemaking tools and the unfinished shoes. Madame Defarge quickly brought them down and handed them in ;—and immediately afterwards leaned against the door-post, knitting, and saw nothing.

Defarge got upon the box, and gave the word “ To the Barrier ! ” The postilion cracked his whip, and they clattered away under the feeble over-swinging lamps.

Book the Second—The Golden Thread

CHAPTER I.

FIVE YEARS LATER

TELLSON'S Bank by Temple Bar was an old-fashioned place, even in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty

Outside Tellson's was an odd-job-man, an occasional porter and messenger. He was never absent during business hours, unless upon an errand, and then he was represented by his son. People understood that Tellson's tolerated the odd-job-man. The house had always tolerated some person in that capacity, and time and tide had drifted this person to the post. His surname was Cruncher he had received the added appellation of Jerry.

Encamped at a quarter before nine, Jerry took up his station on a windy March morning, with young Jerry standing by him.

The head of one of the regular indoor messengers attached to Tellson's establishment was put through the door, and the word was given :

“ Porter wanted ! ”

“ Hooray, father ! Here's an early job to begin with ! ”

CHAPTER II.

A SIGHT.

"You know the Old Bailey?" said one of the oldest of clerks to Jerry the messenger.

"Ye-es, sir," returned Jerry, in something of a dogged manner. "I *do* know the Bailey."

"Just so. And you know Mr. Lorry."

"I know Mr. Lorry, sir, much better than I know the Bailey."

"Very well, show the door-keeper this note for Mr. Lorry. He will then let you in. The door-keeper will pass the note to Mr. Lorry, and do you make any gesture that will attract Mr. Lorry's attention, and show him where you stand. Then what you have to do is to remain there until he wants you."

"Is that all, sir?"

"That's all. He wishes to have a messenger at hand. This is to tell him you are there."

[*Mr Cruncher reached the court and handed the note to the door-keeper.*]

"What's on?" he asked of the man he found himself next to.

"Nothing yet."

"What's coming on?"

"The Treason case."

Mr. Cruncher's attention was here diverted to the door-

keeper, whom he saw making his way to Mr. Lorry, with the note in his hand. Mr. Lorry sat at a table, among the gentlemen in wigs . not far from a wigged gentleman, the prisoner's counsel, and nearly opposite another wigged gentleman with his hands in his pockets, whose whole attention seemed to be concentrated on the ceiling of the court. After some gruff coughing and rubbing of his chin, Jerry attracted the notice of Mr. Lorry, who had stood up to look for him, and who quietly nodded and sat down again.

The entrance of the Judge stopped the dialogue. Presently, the dock became the central point of interest. Two gaolers, who had been standing there, went out, and the prisoner was brought in.

Everybody present, except the one wigged gentleman who looked at the ceiling, stared at him.

The object of all this staring, was a young man of about five-and-twenty. He was plainly dressed in black, or very dark grey, and his hair, which was long and dark, was gathered in a ribbon at the back of his neck. He bowed to the Judge, and stood quiet.

Silence in the court. Charles Darnay had yesterday pleaded Not Guilty to an indictment denouncing him for that he was a false traitor to our serene, illustrious, excellent, and so forth, prince, our Lord the King, by reason of his having, on divers occasions, assisted Lewis, the French King, in his wars against our said serene, illustrious, excellent, and so forth, by coming and going, between the dominions of our said serene, illustrious, and so forth, and those of the said French Lewis, and wickedly, falsely

traitorously, revealing to the said French Lewis what forces our said serene, and so forth, had in preparation to send to Canada and North America. This much, Jerry made out with huge satisfaction, and so arrived at the understanding that the aforesaid, Charles Darnay, stood there before him upon his trial, that the jury were swearing in, and that Mr Attorney-General was making ready to speak.

The accused neither flinched from the situation, nor assumed any theatrical air in it. He was quiet and attentive; watched the opening proceedings with a grave interest, and stood with his hands resting on the slab of wood before him. It happened that he turned his face to that side of the court which was on his left. About on a level with his eyes, there sat, in that corner of the Judge's bench, two persons upon whom his look immediately rested, so immediately, and so much to the changing of his aspect, that all the eyes that were turned upon him, turned to them.

The spectators saw in the two figures, a young lady of little more than twenty, and a gentleman who was evidently her father, a man of a very remarkable appearance in respect of the absolute whiteness of his hair. He looked as if he were old, but when speaking to his daughter, he became a handsome man, not past the prime of life.

His daughter had drawn close to him, in her dread of the scene, and in her pity for the prisoner. This had been so very noticeable, that starers who had had no pity for him were touched by her, and the whisper went about, "Who are they?"

Jerry, the messenger, stretched his neck to hear who they were. The crowd about him passed the inquiry on to the nearest attendant, and from him it had been more slowly passed back, at last it got to Jerry.

“Witnesses”

“For which side?”

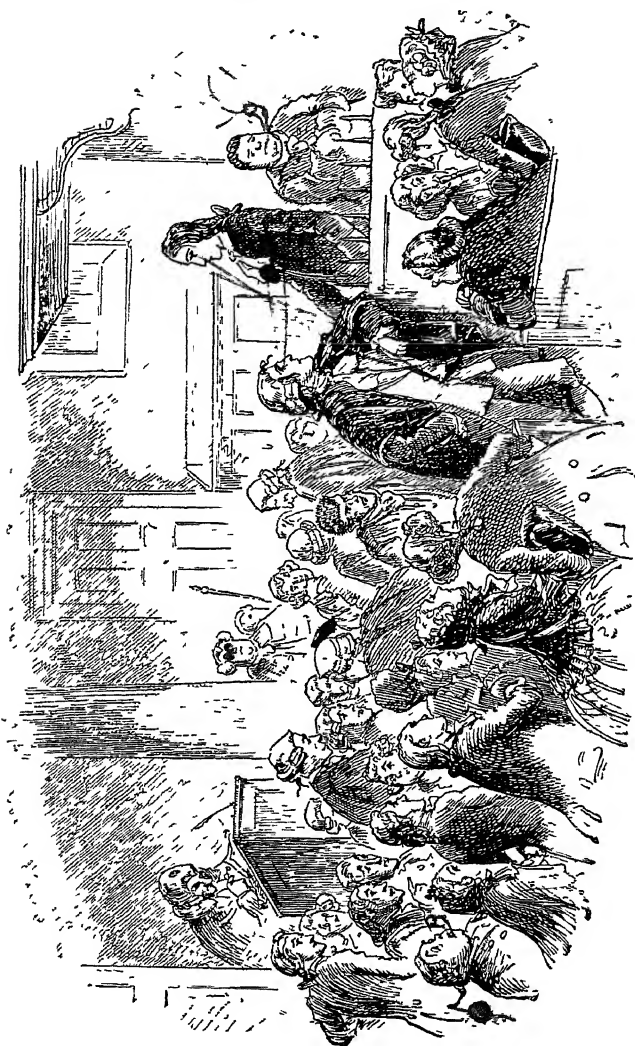
“Against the prisoner”

The Judge, whose eyes had gone in the general direction, recalled them, leaned back in his seat, as Mr. Attorney-General rose to spin the rope, grind the axe, and hammer the nails into the scaffold.

CHAPTER III.

A DISAPPOINTMENT

MR. ATTORNEY-GENERAL had to inform the jury, that the prisoner before them, though young in years, was old in the treasonable practices which claimed the forfeit of his life. That this correspondence with the public enemy was not a correspondence of to-day, or of yesterday, or even of last year, or of the year before. That, it was certain the prisoner had, for longer than that, been in the habit of passing and repassing between France and England, on secret business of which he could give no honest account. That Providence, however, had put it into the heart of a person who was beyond fear and beyond reproach, to ferret out the nature of the prisoner's schemes, and to disclose them to his Majesty's Chief Secretary of State and



The Prisoner in Court

most honourable Privy Council That, this patriot would be produced before them That, the lofty example of this witness for the Crown had communicated itself to the prisoner's servant, and had engendered in him a holy determination to examine his master's table-drawers and pockets, and secrete his papers That, the evidence of these two witnesses, coupled with the documents that would be produced, would show the prisoner to have been furnished with lists of his Majesty's forces, and of their disposition and preparation, both by sea and land, and would leave no doubt that he had habitually conveyed such information to a hostile power That, these lists could not be proved to be in the prisoner's handwriting, showing the prisoner to be artful in his precautions. That, for these reasons, the jury must positively find the prisoner Guilty, and make an end of him, whether they liked it or not

When the Attorney-General ceased, the unimpeachable patriot appeared in the witness-box

Mr Solicitor-General then examined the patriot John Barsad, gentleman The story of his pure soul was exactly what Mr Attorney-General had described it to be—perhaps, if it had a fault, a little too exactly. Having released his noble bosom of its burden, he would have modestly withdrawn himself, but that the wigged gentleman with the papers before him, sitting not far from Mr. Lorry, begged to ask him a few questions The wigged gentleman sitting opposite, still looking at the ceiling of the court.

Had he ever been a spy himself? No, he scorned the

base insinuation What did he live upon ? His property. Where was his property ? He didn't precisely remember where it was What was it ? No business of anybody's. Had he inherited it ? Yes, he had From whom ? Distant relation Sure he saw the prisoner with these lists ? Certain Expect to get anything by this evidence ? No Not in regular government pay and employment, to lay traps ? Oh dear no No motives but motives of sheer patriotism ? None whatever.

The virtuous servant, Roger Cly, swore his way through the case at a great rate Four years ago, he had asked the prisoner, aboard the Calais packet, if he wanted a handy fellow, and the prisoner had engaged him He began to have suspicions of the prisoner, and to keep an eye upon him, soon afterwards In arranging his clothes, he had seen similar lists to these in the prisoner's pockets, over and over again He had taken these lists from the drawer of the prisoner's desk. He had not put them there first. He had seen the prisoner show these identical lists to French gentlemen at Calais, and similar lists to French gentlemen, both at Calais and Boulogne

Mr. Attorney-General called Mr Jarvis Lorry.

[Mr Lorry was then called as a witness, and he agreed that on a Friday night in November, 1775, two passengers unknown to him travelled in the Dover mail. He said he could not identify the prisoner as one of them. He recognised the prisoner as a fellow-passenger on the boat from Calais a few days later

“ Miss Manette ! ”

The young lady stood up where she had sat Her father rose with her, and kept her hand drawn through his arm

“ Miss Manette, look upon the prisoner. Miss Manette, have you seen the prisoner before ? ”

“ Yes, sir ”

“ Where ? ”

“ On board of the packet-ship just now referred to, sir, and on the same occasion ”

“ Miss Manette, had you any conversation with the prisoner on that passage across the Channel ? ”

“ Yes, sir ”

“ Recall it ”

In the midst of a profound stillness, she faintly began .

“ When the prisoner came on board, he noticed that my father was much fatigued and in a very weak state of health. The prisoner was so good as to beg permission to advise me how I could shelter my father from the wind and weather, better than I had done. That was the manner of our beginning to speak together ”

“ Had he come on board alone ? ”

“ No ”

“ How many were with him ? ”

“ Two French gentlemen.”

“ Had any papers been handed about among them, similar to these lists ? ”

“ Some papers had been handed about among them, but I don't know what papers ”

“ Like these in shape and size ? ”

“ Possibly, but indeed I don’t know ”

“ Now, to the prisoner’s conversation, Miss Manette ”

“ The prisoner was as open in his confidence with me as he was kind, and good, and useful to my father I hope,” bursting into tears, “ I may not repay him by doing him harm to-day.”

“ Miss Manette, if the prisoner does not perfectly understand that you give the evidence which it is your duty to give with great unwillingness, he is the only person present in that condition. Please to go on ”

“ He told me that he was travelling on business of a delicate and difficult nature, which might get people into trouble, and that he was therefore travelling under an assumed name. He said that this business had, within a few days, taken him to France, and might, at intervals, take him backwards and forwards between France and England for a long time to come ”

“ Did he say anything about America, Miss Manette ? ”

“ He tried to explain to me how that quarrel had arisen, and he said that, so far as he could judge, it was a wrong and foolish one on England’s part ”

Mr. Attorney-General now signified to my Lord, that he deemed it necessary to call the young lady’s father, Doctor Manette

“ Doctor Manette, look upon the prisoner Have you ever seen him before ? ”

“ Once When he called at my lodgings in London. Some three years, or three years and a half ago ”

“ Can you identify him as your fellow-passenger on

board the packet, or speak to his conversation with your daughter ? ”

“ Sir, I can do neither ”

“ Is there any particular and special reason for your being unable to do either ? ”

He answered, in a low voice, “ There is ”

“ Has it been your misfortune to undergo a long imprisonment in your native country, Doctor Manette ? ”

He answered, in a tone that went to every heart, “ A long imprisonment ”

“ Were you newly released on the occasion in question ? ”

“ They tell me so ”

“ Have you no remembrance of the occasion ? ”

“ None My mind is a blank, from when I employed myself, in my captivity, in making shoes, to the time when I found myself living in London with my dear daughter here She had become familiar to me, when a gracious God restored my faculties.”

Mr Attorney-General sat down, and the father and daughter sat down together

A singular circumstance then arose in the case. The object in hand being to show that the prisoner went in the Dover mail on that Friday night in November five years ago, and got out of the mail in the night at a place where he did not remain, but from which he travelled back some dozen miles or more, to a garrison and dockyard, and there collected information ; a witness was called to identify him as having been at the precise time required, in the coffee-room of an hotel in that town, waiting for another

person. The prisoner's counsel was cross-examining this witness when the wigged gentleman who had all this time been looking at the ceiling of the court, wrote a word or two on a little piece of paper, screwed it up, and tossed it to him. Opening this piece of paper in the next pause, the counsel looked with great attention and curiosity at the prisoner.

"You say again you are quite sure that it *was* the prisoner ? "

The witness was quite sure.

"Did you ever see anybody very like the prisoner ? "

Not so like (the witness said) as that he could be mistaken.

"Look well upon that gentleman, my learned friend there," pointing to him who had tossed the paper over, "and then look well upon the prisoner. How say you ? Are they very like each other ? "

Allowing for my learned friend's appearance being careless and slovenly, they were sufficiently like each other to surprise everybody present, when they were thus brought into comparison. My Lord being prayed to bid my learned friend lay aside his wig, and giving no very gracious consent, the likeness became much more remarkable. My Lord inquired of Mr. Stryver (the prisoner's counsel), whether they were next to try Mr. Carton (name of my learned friend) for treason ? But, Mr. Stryver replied to my Lord, no, but he would ask the witness to tell him whether what happened once, might happen twice, whether he would have been so confident if he had seen this illustration of his rashness sooner. The upshot of which, was, to smash this

witness like a crockery vessel, and shiver his part of the case to useless lumber

Mr Cruncher had now to attend while Mr Stryver fitted the prisoner's case on the jury, like a compact suit of clothes ; showing them how the patriot, Barsad, was a hired spy and traitor , how the virtuous servant, Cly, was his friend and partner, and was worthy to be , how the watchful eyes of those forgers and false swearers had rested on the prisoner as a victim, because some family affairs in France, he being of French extraction, did require his making those passages across the Channel , how the evidence that had been warped and wrested from the young lady came to nothing, involving the mere little innocent gallantries and politenesses likely to pass between any young gentleman and young lady so thrown together.

Mr Stryver then called his few witnesses, and Mr. Cruncher had next to attend while Mr Attorney-General turned the whole suit of clothes Mr. Stryver had fitted on the jury, inside out Lastly, came my Lord himself, turning the suit of clothes, now inside out, now outside in, but on the whole decidedly trimming and shaping them into grave-clothes for the prisoner

And now, the jury turned to consider.

They were not agreed, and wished to retire My Lord showed some surprise that they were not agreed, but signified his pleasure that they should retire under watch and ward, and retired himself The spectators dropped off to get refreshment, and the prisoner withdrew to the back of the dock, and sat down.

[While the jury deliberated, Jerry waited for the message that he was to take to Tellson's.]

An hour and a half limped heavily away The hoarse messenger had dropped into a dose, when a loud murmur and a rapid tide of people setting up the stairs that led to the court, carried him along with them.

"Jerry ! Jerry !" Mr. Lorry was already calling at the door when he got there

"Here, sir !"

Mr Lorry handed him a paper through the throng.
"Quick !"

Hastily written on the paper was the word "ACQUITTED."

CHAPTER IV.

CONGRATULATORY.

DOCTOR MANETTE, Lucie Manette, his daughter, Mr Lorry, the solicitor for the defence, and its counsel, Mr. Stryver, gathered round Mr. Charles Darnay—just released—congratulating him on his escape from death

It would have been difficult to recognise in Doctor Manette, intellectual of face and upright of bearing, the shoemaker of the garret in Paris Yet, no one could have looked at him twice, without looking again even though the opportunity of observation had not extended to the abstraction that overclouded him fitfully Only his daughter had the power of charming this black brooding

from his mind, and the sound of her voice, the light of her face, the touch of her hand, had a strong beneficial influence with him almost always

Mr Darnay had kissed her hand fervently and gratefully, and had turned to Mr. Stryver, whom he warmly thanked. Mr. Stryver had a pushing way of shouldering himself into companies and conversations, that argued well for his shouldering his way up in life

He still had his wig and gown on, and he said, squaring himself at his late client to that degree that he squeezed Mr Lorry clean out of the group "I am glad to have brought you off with honour, Mr Darnay "

"You have laid me under an obligation to you for life."

"I have done my best for you, Mr Darnay , and my best is as good as another man's, I believe "

It clearly being incumbent on some one to say, "Much better," Mr Lorry said it

"You think so ? " said Mr Stryver. "Well ! you are a man of business and ought to know."

"And as such," quoth Mr Lorry, "as such I will appeal to Doctor Manette, to order us all to our homes Miss Lucie looks ill, Mr Darnay has had a terrible day, we are worn out "

"Speak for yourself, Mr. Lorry," said Stryver ; "I have a night's work to do yet "

"I speak for myself," answered Mr Lorry, "and—Miss Lucie, do you not think I may speak for us all ? " He asked her the question pointedly, and with a glance at her father.

His face had become frozen, as it were, in a very curious



Congratulations.

look at Darnay With this strange expression on him his thoughts had wandered away.

"My father," said Lucie, softly laying her hand on his He slowly shook the shadow off, and turned to her.

"Shall we go home, my father ? "

With a long breath, he answered "Yes "

Walking between her father and Mr. Darnay, Lucie Manette passed into the open air A hackney-coach was called, and the father and daughter departed in it.

Mr. Stryver had left them in the passages, to shoulder his way back to the robing-room Another person, who had not joined the group, but who had been leaning against the wall where its shadow was darkest, had looked on until the coach drove away He now stepped up to where Mr Lorry and Mr. Darnay stood upon the pavement

"So, Mr Lorry ! Men of business may speak to Mr Darnay now ? "

Nobody had made any acknowledgment of Mr Carton's part in the day's proceedings He was unrobed, and was none the better for it in appearance.

[*After a short conversation, Mr. Lorry called a chair, and was carried off to Tellson's.*]

Carton, who did not appear to be quite sober, turned to Darnay

"This is a strange chance that throws you and me together This must be a strange night to you, standing alone here with your counterpart on these street stones ? "

"I hardly seem yet," returned Charles Darnay, "to belong to this world again."

" I don't wonder at it , it's not so long since you were pretty far advanced on your way to another You speak faintly "

" I begin to think I *am* faint "

" Then why don't you dine ? Let me show you the nearest tavern to dine well at "

[Carton and Darnay dined together. Carton drank heavily and, when Darnay paid the bill and left, he told the waiter to wake him at ten o'clock]

CHAPTER V.

THE JACKAL

THOSE were drinking days, and most men drank hard. The learned profession of the law was certainly not behind any other learned profession in its Bacchanalian propensities ; neither was Mr. Stryver behind his compeers in this particular.

It had once been noted at the Bar, that Mr. Stryver had not that faculty of extracting the essence from a heap of statements But a remarkable improvement came upon him as to this The more business he got, the greater his power seemed to grow of getting at its pith and marrow , and however late at night he sat carousing with Sydney Carton, he always had his points at his fingers' ends in the morning

Sydney Carton, idlest and most unpromising of men, was Stryver's great ally. At last, it began to get about that although Sydney Carton would never be a lion, he

was an amazingly good jackal, and that he rendered suit and service to Stryver in that humble capacity.

“ Ten o’clock, sir,” said the man whom he had charged to wake him—“ ten o’clock, sir ”

“ *What’s the matter ?* ”

“ Ten o’clock, sir Your honour told me to call you.”

“ Oh ! I remember ”

After a few efforts to get to sleep again, he got up, and walked out He turned into the Temple, and turned into the Stryver chambers

The Stryver clerk had gone home, and the Stryver principal opened the door.

They went into a dingy room lined with books and littered with papers. A kettle steamed upon the hob, and in the midst of the wreck of papers a table shone, with plenty of wine upon it, and brandy, and rum, and sugar, and lemons

“ You have had your bottle, I perceive, Sydney ”

“ Two to-night, I think I have been dining with the day’s client ! ”

“ That was a rare point, Sydney, that you brought to bear upon the identification How did you come by it ? When did it strike you ? ”

“ I thought he was rather a handsome fellow, and I thought I should have been much the same sort of fellow, if I had had any luck ”

“ You and your luck, Sydney ! Get to work, get to work ”

The jackal went into an adjoining room, and came back with a large jug of cold water, a basin, and a towel or two

Steeping the towels in the water, and partially wringing them out, he folded them on his head in a manner hideous to behold, sat down at the table, and said, "Now I am ready!"

"Not much boiling down to be done to-night," said Mr Stryver, gaily, as he looked among his papers

The lion then composed himself on his back on a sofa, while the jackal sat at his own paper-bestrewn table with the bottles and glasses ready to his hand Both resorted to the drinking-table without stint, but each in a different way, the lion reclining with his hands in his waistband, the jackal, with knitted brows and intent face, so deep in his task, that his eyes did not even follow the hand stretched out for his glass—which often groped about before it found the glass for his lips.

At length the jackal had got together a repast for the lion, and proceeded to offer it to him When the repast was fully discussed, the lion put his hands in his waistband again, and lay down to meditate The jackal applied himself to the collection of a second meal, this was administered to the lion in the same manner, and was not disposed of until the clocks struck three in the morning

"And now we have done, Sydney, fill a bumper of punch," said Mr. Stryver.

The jackal removed the towels from his head, yawned, shivered, and complied.

"You were very sound, Sydney, in the matter of those crown witnesses to-day. Every question told"

"I always am sound, am I not?"

"The old Sydney Carton of old Shrewsbury School,"

said Stryver, "the old seesaw Sydney Up one minute and down the next, now in spirits and now in despondency!"

"Ah yes! The same Sydney, with the same luck Even then, I did exercises for other boys, and seldom did my own And now I'll have no more drink, I'll get to bed"

When his host followed him out on the staircase, the day was coldly looking in through its grimy windows

Sadly, sadly, the sun rose; it rose upon no sadder sight than the man of good abilities and good emotions, incapable of their directed exercise, sensible of the blight on him, and resigning himself to let it eat him away.

CHAPTER VI.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE

[Dr Manette and Lucie had settled in a quiet street near Soho Square. Dr. Manette had gathered a circle of patients, Lucie kept house for him, and her old maid, Miss Pross, whom Mr Lorry first saw at the Royal George Hotel, Dover, lived with them. There were many callers at their quiet house—Mr Lorry, Charles Darnay, and, less frequently, Sidney Carton Miss Pross became quite jealous of the Hundreds of People who came, so she said, to take Lucy's affections from her]

Dr Manette, though occasionally troubled with dark memories, had recovered from the effects of his imprisonment,

but he still kept in his room his shoemaker's bench of the Bastille

On a certain Sunday, four months after the trial, Mr Lorry joined the family circle]

It was an oppressive day, and, after dinner, Lucie proposed that the wine should be carried out under the plane-tree, and they should sit there in the air

Still, the Hundreds of people did not present themselves Mr Darnay presented himself, but he was only One

Doctor Manette received him kindly, and so did Lucie. But, Miss Pross suddenly became afflicted with a twitching in the head and body, and retired into the house She was not unfrequently the victim of this disorder, and she called it "a fit of the jerks"

The Doctor was in his best condition, and looked specially young

"Pray, Doctor Manette," said Mr Darnay, as they sat under the plane-tree, "have you seen much of the Tower?"

"Lucie and I have been there, but only casually"

"I have been there, as you remember," said Darnay, with a smile, though reddening a little angrily "They told me a curious thing when I was there. In making some alterations, the workmen came upon an old dungeon Every stone of its inner wall was covered by inscriptions which had been carved by prisoners Upon a corner stone in an angle of the wall, one prisoner had cut as his last work, three letters They were done with some very poor instrument At first, they were read as D. I. C.; but, on being more carefully examined, the last letter was found

to be G. There was no record of any prisoner with those initials, and many fruitless guesses were made what the name could have been. At length, it was suggested that the letters were not initials, but the complete word, DIG. The floor was examined under the inscription, and in the earth beneath were found the ashes of a paper, mingled with the ashes of a small leathern case or bag. What the unknown prisoner had written will never be read, but he had written something, and hidden it away to keep it from the gaoler."

"My father," exclaimed Lucie, "you are ill!"

He had suddenly started up, with his hand to his head. His manner and his look quite terrified them all.

"No, my dear, not ill. There are large drops of rain falling, and they made me start. We had better go in." He had recovered himself almost instantly.

Tea-time, and Miss Pross making tea, with another fit of the jerks upon her, and yet no Hundreds of people. Mr Carton had lounged in, but he made only Two.

When the tea-table was done with, they all moved to one of the windows, and looked out into the heavy twilight.

"The rain-drops are still falling, large, heavy, and few," said Doctor Manette. "It comes slowly."

"It comes surely," said Carton.

There was a great hurry in the streets of people speeding away to get shelter before the storm broke, the wonderful corner for echoes resounded with the echoes of footsteps coming and going, yet not a footstep was there.

“ A multitude of people, and yet a solitude ! ” said Darnay

‘ Is it not impressive, Mr Darnay ? ’ asked Lucie
‘ Sometimes, I have sat here of an evening until I have made the echoes out to be the echoes of all the footsteps that are coming by-and-bye into our lives.”

“ There is a great crowd coming one day into our lives, if that be so,” Sydney Carton struck in, in his moody way

[Then the storm burst and there was not a moment’s interval in crash, fire, and rain until after the moon rose at midnight]

The great bell of Saint Paul’s was striking One in the cleared air, when Mr. Lorry set forth on his return-passage to Clerkenwell.

“ Good night, Mr Carton,” said the man of business
“ Good night, Mr. Darnay. Shall we ever see such a night again, together ! ”

Perhaps. Perhaps, see the great crowd of people with its rush and roar, bearing down upon them, too.

CHAPTER VII.

MONSEIGNEUR IN TOWN

MONSEIGNEUR, one of the great lords in power at the Court, held his fortnightly reception in his grand hotel in Paris. Monseigneur was in his inner room, the Holiest of Holiests to the crowd of worshippers in the suite of rooms without. Monseigneur was about to take his chocolate

It took four men, all four ablaze with gorgeous decoration, to conduct the happy chocolate to Monseigneur's lips

Monseigneur having taken his chocolate, caused the doors of the Holiest of Holiests to be thrown open, and issued forth. Then, what submission, what cringing and fawning, what abject humiliation !

Bestowing a word of promise here and a smile there, a whisper on one happy slave and a wave of the hand on another, Monseigneur affably passed through his rooms. Monseigneur turned, and came back again, and so in due course of time got himself shut up in his sanctuary by the chocolate sprites, and was seen no more

The show being over, there was soon but one person left of all the crowd, and he, with his hat under his arm and his snuff-box in his hand, slowly walked out of the room

He was a man of about sixty, handsomely dressed, haughty in manner, and with a face like a fine mask. A face of a transparent paleness ; every feature in it clearly defined. Its owner went down-stairs into the courtyard, got into his carriage, and drove away. Not many people had talked with him at the reception ; and Monseigneur might have been warmer in his manner. It appeared, under the circumstances, rather agreeable to him to see the common people dispersed before his horses, and often barely escaping from being run down. His man drove as if he were charging an enemy, and the furious recklessness of the man brought no check into the face, or to the lips, of the master

With a wild rattle and clatter the carriage dashed

through streets and swept round corners, with women screaming before it, and men clutching each other and clutching children out of its way. At last, swooping at a street corner by a fountain, one of its wheels came to a sickening little jolt, and there was a loud cry from a number of voices.

“What has gone wrong ? ” said Monsieur, calmly looking out.

A tall man had caught up a bundle from among the feet of the horses, and had laid it on the basement of the fountain, and was down in the mud and wet, howling over it like a wild animal.

“Pardon, Monsieur the Marquis ! ” said a ragged and submissive man, “it is a child ”

“Why does he make that abominable noise ? Is it his child ? ”

“Excuse me, Monsieur the Marquis—it is a pity—yes.”

As the tall man suddenly got up from the ground, and came running at the carriage, Monsieur the Marquis clapped his hand for an instant on his sword-hilt.

“Killed ! ” shrieked the man, in wild desperation
“Dead ! ”

The people closed round, and looked at Monsieur the Marquis. There was nothing revealed by the many eyes that looked at him but watchfulness and eagerness, there was no visible menacing or anger. Monsieur the Marquis ran his eyes over them all, as if they had been mere rats come out of their holes.

He took out his purse.



The people closed round

"It is extraordinary to me," said he, "that you people cannot take care of yourselves and your children. One or the other of you is for ever in the way. How do I know what injury you have done my horses. See! Give him that."

He threw out a gold coin. The tall man called out again with a most unearthly cry, "Dead!"

He was arrested by the arrival of another man, for whom the rest made way. On seeing him, the miserable creature fell upon his shoulder, sobbing and crying, and pointing to the fountain.

"I know all," said the last comer. "Be a brave man, my Gaspard! It is better for the poor little plaything to die so, than to live. It has died in a moment without pain. Could it have lived an hour as happily?"

"You are a philosopher," said the Marquis. "How do they call you?"

"They call me Defarge."

"Of what trade?"

"Monsieur the Marquis, vendor of wine."

"Pick up that, philosopher and vendor of wine," said the Marquis, throwing him another gold coin. "The horses there, are they right?"

Without deigning to look at the assemblage a second time, Monsieur the Marquis leaned back in his seat, and was just being driven away when his ease was suddenly disturbed by a coin flying into his carriage.

"Hold!" said Monsieur the Marquis. "Who threw that?"

He looked to the spot where Defarge the vendor of wine had stood, a moment before, but the wretched father was grovelling on his face on the pavement in that spot, and the figure that stood beside him was the figure of a dark stout woman, knitting.

“You dogs!” said the Marquis. “I would ride over any of you very willingly, and exterminate you from the earth.”

So cowed was their condition that not a voice, or a hand, or even an eye was raised. Among the men, not one. But the woman who stood knitting looked up steadily, and looked the Marquis in the face. It was not for his dignity to notice it; and he gave the word “Go on!”

He was driven on, and other carriages came whirling by in quick succession. The rats had crept out of their holes to look on, and they remained looking on for hours. The father had long ago taken up his bundle and hidden himself away with it. The water of the fountain ran, the day ran into evening, the rats were sleeping close together in their dark holes again, all things ran their course.

CHAPTER VIII

MONSEIGNEUR IN THE COUNTRY

A BEAUTIFUL landscape, with the corn bright in it, but not abundant. Monsieur the Marquis in his travelling carriage, conducted by four post-horses and two postilions. A broken country, bold and open, a little village at the bottom

of the hill, a broad sweep and rise beyond it, a church-tower, a windmill, a forest for the chase, and a crag with a fortress on it used as a prison.

The village had its one poor street, with its poor brewery, poor tannery, poor tavern, poor fountain. It had its poor people too. All its people were poor, and many of them were sitting at their doors, shredding spare onions and the like for supper, while many were at the fountain, washing leaves, and grasses, and any such small yieldings of the earth that could be eaten.

Few children were to be seen, and no dogs. As to the men and women, their choice on earth was stated in the prospect—Life on the lowest terms that could sustain it, down in the little village under the mill, or captivity and Death in the prison on the crag.

Heralded by a courier in advance, Monsieur the Marquis drew up in his travelling carriage at the posting-house gate. It was hard by the fountain, and the peasants suspended their operations to look at him.

Monsieur the Marquis cast his eyes over the submissive faces that drooped before him, as the like of himself had drooped before Monseigneur of the Court, when a grizzled mender of the roads joined the group.

“Bring me hither that fellow!” said the Marquis to the courier.

“I passed you on the road?”

“Monseigneur, it is true. I had the honour of being passed on the road.”

“What did you look at, so fixedly?”

“ Monseigneur, I looked at the man ”

He stooped a little, and with his tattered blue cap pointed under the carriage.

“ What man, pig ? And why look there ? ”

“ Pardon, Monseigneur ; he swung by the chain of the shoe ”

“ Who ? ” demanded the traveller, “ who was he ? ”

“ Your clemency, Monseigneur ! He was not of this part of the country.”

“ What was he like ? ”

“ Monseigneur, he was whiter than the miller All covered with dust.”

“ Truly, you did well,” said the Marquis, “ to see a thief accompanying my carriage, and not open that great mouth of yours. Bah ! Put him aside, Monsieur Gabelle ! ”

Monsieur Gabelle was the Postmaster, and some other taxing functionary united

“ Bah ! Go aside ! ” said Monsieur Gabelle.

“ Lay hands on this stranger if he seeks to lodge in your village to-night, and be sure that his business is honest, Gabelle ”

“ Monseigneur, I am flattered to devote myself to your orders ”

“ Did the man run away, dolt, when we stopped for the drag ? ”

“ Monseigneur, he precipitated himself over the hill-side, head first, as a person plunges into the river.”

“ See to it, Gabelle Go on ! ”

[*The Marquis drove on the villagers, one by one, went to their hovels darkness fell*]

The shadow of a large high-roofed house, and of many overhanging trees, was upon Monsieur the Marquis by that time, and the shadow was exchanged for the light of a flambeau, as his carriage stopped, and the great door of his château was opened to him

“Monsieur Charles, whom I expect, is he arrived from England?”

“Monseigneur, not yet.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE GORGON'S HEAD

It was a heavy mass of building, that château of Monsieur the Marquis, with a large stone courtyard before it, and two stone sweeps of staircase meeting in a stone terrace before the principal door. A stony business altogether, with heavy stone balustrades, and stone urns, and stone flowers, and stone faces of men, and stone heads of lions, in all directions. As if the Gorgon's head had surveyed it, when it was finished, two centuries ago.

The great door clanged behind him, and Monsieur the Marquis crossed a hall grim with old boar-spears, swords, and knives of the chase, grimmer with heavy riding-rods and riding-whips, of which many a peasant had felt the weight when his lord was angry.

Avoiding the larger rooms Monsieur the Marquis went

up the staircase to a door in a corridor This admitted him to his own private apartment of three rooms his bed-chamber and two others

A supper table was laid for two, in the third of the rooms

"My nephew," said the Marquis, glancing at the supper preparation, "they said he was not arrived."

Nor was he, but he had been expected with Monseigneur

"Ah! It is not probable he will arrive to-night; nevertheless, leave the table as it is I shall be ready in a quarter of an hour"

In a quarter of an hour Monseigneur was ready, and sat down alone to his sumptuous and choice supper. He was half way through it, when he stopped with his glass in his hand, hearing the sound of wheels. It came on briskly, and came up to the front of the château

"Ask who is arrived"

It was the nephew of Monseigneur In a little while he came He had been known in England as Charles Darnay

Monseigneur received him in a courtly manner, but they did not shake hands

[After dinner, the servants retired and uncle and nephew discussed the state of France and the share their family had in responsibility for it The nephew spoke of all the wrongdoings the uncle defended what had been done Darnay declared that if ever the estate came to him he would cause it to be administered solely for the benefit of the villagers who had suffered so much in the past, and that in any case he should henceforth live in England Finally, uncle and nephew retired to rest.]

For three heavy hours, the stone faces of the château, lion and human, stared blindly at the night. Dead darkness lay on all the landscape, dead darkness added its own hush to the hushing dust on all the roads. In the village, taxers and taxed were fast asleep. Dreaming, perhaps, of banquets, as the starved usually do, and of ease and rest, as the driven slave and the yoked ox may, its lean inhabitants slept soundly. The fountain in the village flowed unseen and unheard through three dark hours. Then, the grey water began to be ghostly in the light, and the eyes of the stone faces of the château were opened. Lighter and lighter, until at last the sun touched the tops of the still trees, and poured its radiance over the hill.

Now, the sun was full up, and movement began in the village. Casement windows opened, crazy doors were unbarred, and people came forth shivering. Then began the rarely lightened toil of the day among the village population.

The château awoke later, as became its quality, but awoke gradually and surely. First, doors and windows were thrown open, horses in their stables looked round over their shoulders at the light and freshness pouring in at doorways, dogs pulled hard at their chains, and reared impatient to be loosed.

All these trivial incidents belonged to the routine of life, and the return of morning. Surely, not so the ringing of the great bell of the château, nor the running up and down the stairs, nor the booting and tramping here and there and everywhere, nor the quick saddling of horses and riding away?

All the people of the village were at the fountain, whispering low. Some of the people of the château, and all the taxing authorities, were crowded on the other side of the little street. What did all this portend, and what portended the swift hoisting-up of Monsieur Gabelle behind a servant on horseback, and the conveying away of the said Gabelle at a gallop ?

It portended that there was one stone face too many, up at the château

It lay back on the pillow of Monsieur the Marquis. It was like a fine mask, suddenly startled, made angry, and petrified. Driven home into the heart of the stone figure attached to it, was a knife. Round its hilt was a frill of paper, on which was scrawled :

“ Drive him fast to his tomb This, from JACQUES ”

CHAPTER X.

TWO PROMISES

MORE months, to the number of twelve, had come and gone, and Mr Charles Darnay was established in England as a teacher of the French language. He read with young men who could find any leisure and interest for the study of a living tongue spoken all over the world, and he cultivated a taste for its stores of knowledge and fancy

He had loved Lucie Manette from the hour of his danger. He had never seen a face so tenderly beautiful as hers, when on the edge of the grave that had been dug for him

But he had not yet spoken to her on the subject ; the assassination at the deserted château far away beyond the heaving water and the long, long, dusty roads had been done a year, and he had never yet, by so much as a single spoken word, disclosed to her the state of his heart.

[One day Darnay called at the quiet house and told Dr Manette that he loved Lucie, although he had not yet told her. He asked the Doctor to promise that, if later, Lucie should confess to her father that she loved Darnay, he would use no influence against him. Thus the Doctor promised. Darnay then said]

“ Your confidence in me ought to be returned with full confidence on my part. My present name, though but slightly changed from my mother’s, is not my own. I wish to tell you what that is, and why I am in England ”

“ Stop ! ” said the Doctor. “ Tell me when I ask you, not now. If your suit should prosper, if Lucie should love you, you shall tell me on your marriage morning. Do you promise ? ”

“ Willingly ”

“ Give me your hand. She will be home directly, and it is better she should not see us together to-night. Go ! God bless you ! ”

It was dark when Charles Darnay left him, and it was an hour later and darker when Lucie came home ; she hurried into the room alone, and was surprised to find his reading-chair empty.

“ My father ! ” she called to him. “ Father dear ! ”

Nothing was said in answer, but she heard a low hammering sound in his bedroom.

She tapped at his door, and softly called to him. The noise ceased at the sound of her voice, and he presently came out to her, and they walked up and down together for a long time.

She came down from her bed, to look at him in his sleep that night. He slept heavily, and his tray of shoemaking tools, and his old unfinished work, were all as usual.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FELLOW OF NO DELICACY

IF Sydney Carton ever shone anywhere, he certainly never shone in the house of Doctor Manette. He had been there often, during a whole year, and had always been the same moody and morose loungeur there. When he cared to talk, he talked well; but, the cloud of caring for nothing, which overshadowed him with such a fatal darkness, was very rarely pierced by the light within him.

And yet he did care something for the streets that environed that house, and for the senseless stones that made their pavements.

On a day in August he went to the Doctor's door.

He was shown upstairs, and found Lucie at her work, alone. She had never been quite at her ease with him, and received him with some little embarrassment as he seated himself near her table. But, looking up at his face

in the interchange of the first few commonplaces, she observed a change in it

“ I fear you are not well, Mr Carton ! ”

“ No. But the life I lead, Miss Manette, is not conducive to health ”

“ Is it not a pity to live no better life ? ”

“ God knows it is a shame ! ”

“ Then why not change it ? ”

Looking gently at him again, she was surprised and saddened to see that there were tears in his eyes There were tears in his voice too, as he answered

“ It is too late for that I shall never be better than I am I shall sink lower, and be worse.”

He leaned an elbow on her table, and covered his eyes with his hand The table trembled in the silence that followed.

[Then Carton confessed to Lucie his wasted life She reasoned with him and gave him much sympathy and comfort]

He put her hand to his lips, and moved towards the door

“ Be under no apprehension, Miss Manette, of my ever resuming this conversation by so much as a passing word. I will never refer to it again In the hour of my death, I shall hold sacred the one good remembrance that my last avowal of myself was made to you, and that my name, and faults, and miseries were gently carried in your heart May it otherwise be light and happy. The time will come when new ties will be formed about you, the dearest ties that will ever grace and gladden you. O Miss Manette,

when the little picture of a happy father's face looks up in yours, think now and then that there is a man who would give his life, to keep a life you love beside you ! ”

He said, “ Farewell ! ”, said a last “ God bless you ! ” and left her.

CHAPTER XII

KNITTING

[To the wine-shop of Defarge came the roadmender who saw the dusty man under the carriage of the Marquis To Defarge and three of his friends, he told the story of the capture and execution of the man for the murder of the Marquis The man was Gaspard, whose child was killed by the carriage of the Marquis]

“ That's all, messieurs. I left at sunset, and I walked on, that night and half next day, until I met this comrade. And here you see me ! ”

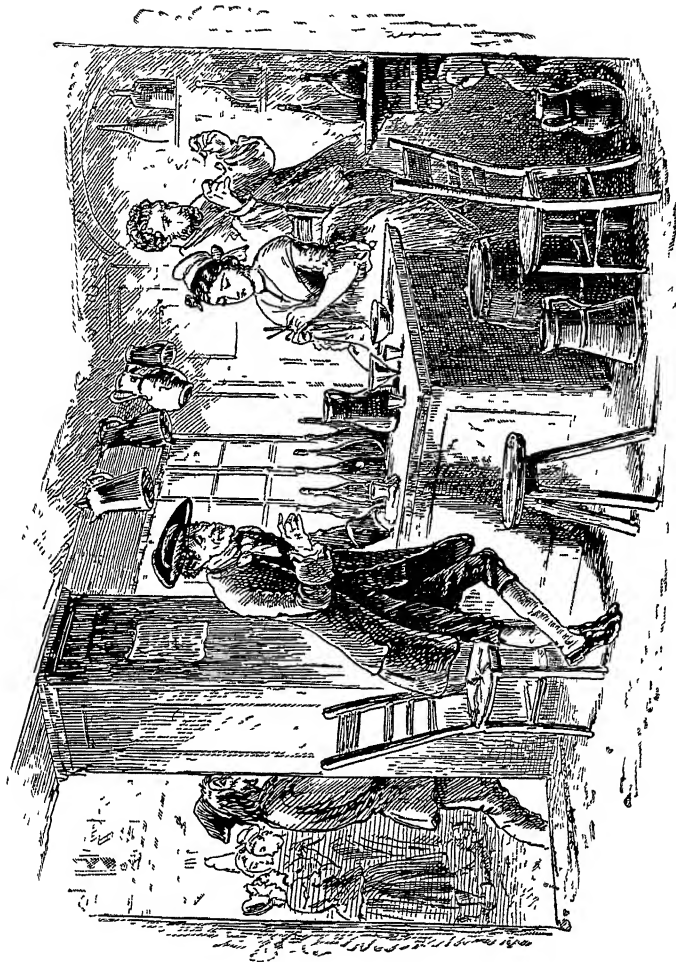
After a gloomy silence, the first Jacques said, “ Good ! You have acted and recounted faithfully Will you wait for us a little, outside the door ? ”

“ Very willingly,” said the mender of roads Whom Defarge escorted to the top of the stairs, and, leaving seated there, returned

The three had risen, when he came back to the garret

“ How say you, Jacques ? ” demanded Number One.
“ To be registered ? ”

“ To be registered, as doomed to destruction,” returned Defarge “ The château and all the race ”



The Wine shop

“Are you sure,” asked Jacques Two, of Defarge, “that no embarrassment can arise from our manner of keeping

the register ? Shall we always be able to decipher it—or, I ought to say, will she ? ”

“ Jacques,” returned Defarge, “ if madame my wife undertook to keep the register in her memory alone, she would not lose a word of it. Knitted, in her own stitches and her own symbols, it will always be as plain to her as the sun. Confide in Madame Defarge.”

CHAPTER XIII

STILL KNITTING

[One night, Defarge told his wife that a new spy was in their quarter of the town.]

“ Eh well ! ” said Madame Defarge. “ It is necessary to register him. How do they call that man ? ”

“ Barsad,” said Defarge

“ Barsad,” repeated madame “ Good. Christian name ? ”

“ John ”

“ John Barsad,” repeated madame. “ Good. His appearance , is it known ? ”

“ Age, about forty years ; height, about five feet nine , black hair , complexion dark , eyes dark, face thin, long, and sallow ; nose aquiline, but not straight, having an inclination towards the left cheek ”

“ Eh my faith. It is a portrait ! ” said madame, laughing. “ He shall be registered to-morrow.”

Next noontide saw the admirable woman in her usual place in the wine-shop, knitting away assiduously. A rose lay beside her.

A figure entering at the door threw a shadow on Madame Defarge which she felt to be a new one. She laid down her knitting, and began to pin her rose in her head-dress.

It was curious. The moment Madame Defarge took up the rose, the customers began gradually to drop out of the wine-shop.

“ Good day, madame,” said the new-comer.

“ Good day, monsieur ”

She added to herself, as she resumed her knitting : “ Hah ! age about forty, height about five feet nine, black hair, complexion dark, eyes dark, thin, long and sallow face, aquiline nose but not straight, having an inclination towards the left cheek.”

“ Have the goodness to give me a little glass of old cognac, and a mouthful of cool fresh water, madame ”

Madame complied with a polite air, and took up her knitting. The visitor watched her fingers for a few moments, and took the opportunity of observing the place in general.

“ You knit with great skill, madame. May one ask what it is for ? ”

“ Pastime,” said madame.

“ Not for use ? ”

“ That depends. I may find a use for it one day.”

It was remarkable, but, the taste of Saint Antoine seemed to be decidedly opposed to a rose on the head-dress.

of Madame Defarge Two men had entered separately, and had been about to order drink, when, catching sight of that novelty, they faltered, and went away Nor, of those who had been there when this visitor entered, was there one left The spy had kept his eyes open, but had been able to detect no sign They had lounged away in a poverty-stricken, purposeless, accidental manner.

"JOHN," thought madame "Stay long enough, and I shall knit 'BARSAD' before you go"

The spy, who was there to pick up any crumbs he could find or make, stood leaning his elbow on Madame Defarge's little counter, and occasionally sipping his cognac.

"Here is my husband!" said Madame Defarge

As the keeper of the wine-shop entered at the door, the spy saluted him by touching his hat, and saying, "Good day, Jacques!" Defarge stopped short, and stared at him

"You deceive yourself, monsieur," returned the keeper of the wine-shop. "You mistake me for another. I am Ernest Defarge."

Having said it, he passed behind the little counter, and stood with his hand on the back of his wife's chair

The spy, well used to his business, did not change his unconscious attitude, but drained his little glass of cognac, took a sip of fresh water, and asked for another glass of cognac.

"The pleasure of conversing with you, Monsieur Defarge, recalls to me," pursued the spy, "that I have the honour of cherishing some interesting associations with your name"

"Indeed!" said Defarge.

“ Yes, indeed When Doctor Manette was released, you, his old domestic, had the charge of him, I know He was delivered to you It was to you that his daughter came , and it was from your care that his daughter took him, accompanied by a neat brown monsieur , how is he called ? —Lorry—of the bank of Tellson and Company—over to England ”

“ Such is the fact,” repeated Defarge

“ Very interesting remembrances ! ” said the spy “ I have known Doctor Manette and his daughter, in England. She is going to be married ”

“ Going ? ” echoed madame. “ She was pretty enough to have been married long ago ”

“ Yes, Miss Manette is going to be married. To one who, like herself, is French by birth And speaking of Gaspard, it is a curious thing that she is going to marry the nephew of Monsieur the Marquis, for whom Gaspard was exalted to that height of so many feet ; in other words, the present Marquis But he lives unknown in England, he is no Marquis there , he is Mr Charles Darnay D’Aulnais is the name of his mother’s family ”

Madame Defarge knitted steadily, but the intelligence had a palpable effect upon her husband The spy would have been no spy if he had failed to see it, or to record it in his mind

Having made, at least, this one hit, Mr Barsad paid for what he had drunk, and took his leave.

“ Can it be true,” said Defarge, “ what he has said of Ma’amselle Manette ? ”

“As he has said it, it is probably false. But it may be true.”

“If it is——” Defarge began, and stopped

“—And if it does come, while we live to see it triumph—I hope, for her sake, Destiny will keep her husband out of France ”

“Her husband’s destiny,” said Madame Defarge, “will take him where he is to go, and will lead him to the end that is to end him That is all I know ”

CHAPTER XIV.

ECHOING FOOTSTEPS

[Darnay and Lucie are married]

A WONDERFUL corner for echoes, it has been remarked, that corner where the Doctor lived Ever busily winding the golden thread which bound her husband, and her father, and herself, and her old companion, in a life of quiet bliss, Lucie sat in the still house in the tranquilly resounding corner, listening to the echoing footsteps of years.

At first, there were times, though she was a perfectly happy young wife, when her work would slowly fall from her hands, and her eyes would be dimmed.

That time passed, and her little Lucie lay on her bosom. Then, among the advancing echoes, there was the tread of her tiny feet.

The echoes rarely answered to the tread of Sydney Carton Some half-dozen times a year, at most, he claimed

his privilege of coming in uninvited, and would sit among them through the evening, as he had once done often

But, there were other echoes, from a distance, that rumbled menacingly in the corner all through this space of time And it was now, about little Lucie's sixth birthday, that they began to have an awful sound, as of a great storm in France with a dreadful sea rising

Headlong, mad, and dangerous footsteps to force their way into anybody's life, footsteps not easily made clean again if once stained red, the footsteps raging in Saint Antoine afar off

Saint Antoine had been, that morning, a vast dusky mass of scarecrows heaving to and fro, with frequent gleams of light above the billowy heads, where steel blades and bayonets shone in the sun A tremendous roar arose from the throat of Saint Antoine, and a forest of naked arms struggled in the air all the fingers convulsively clutching at every weapon or semblance of a weapon that was thrown up from the depths below

Who gave them out, whence they last came, no eye in the throng could have told; but, muskets were being distributed—so were cartridges, powder, and ball, bars of iron and wood, knives, axes, pikes Every pulse and heart in Saint Antoine was on high-fever strain and at high-fever heat

As a whirlpool of boiling waters has a centre point, so, all this raging circled round Defarge's wine-shop, where Defarge himself, already begrimed with gunpowder and sweat, laboured and strove in the thickest of the uproar.

“Keep near to me, Jacques Three,” cried Defarge, “and do you, Jacques One and Two, separate and put yourselves at the head of as many of these patriots as you can. Where is my wife?”

“Here you see me!” said madame, composed as ever, but not knitting to-day. Madame’s resolute right hand was occupied with an axe, and in her girdle were a pistol and a cruel knife.

“Where do you go, my wife?”

“I go with you at present. You shall see me at the head of women, by-and-bye.”

“Come, then!” cried Defarge. “Patriots and friends, we are ready! The Bastille!”

With a roar that sounded as if all the breath in France had been shaped into the detested word, the living sea rose, and overflowed the city to that point. Alarm-bells ringing, drums beating, the sea raging and thundering on its new beach, the attack begun.

Deep ditches, double drawbridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. One drawbridge down! “Work, comrades all, work! Work, Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques One Thousand, Jacques Two Thousand, Jacques Five-and-Twenty Thousand—work!” Thus Defarge of the wine-shop.

Cannon, muskets, fire and smoke; but, still the deep ditch, the single drawbridge, the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers.

Flashing weapons, blazing torches, smoking waggon-loads of wet straw, hard work at neighbouring barricades

in all directions, shrieks, volleys, bravery without stint, but, still the deep ditch, and the single drawbridge, and the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers.

A white flag from the fortress, and a parley—suddenly the sea rose wider and higher, and swept Defarge of the wine-shop over the lowered drawbridge, past the massive stone outer walls, in among the eight great towers surrendered, until he was landed in the outer courtyard of the Bastille. There, against an angle of a wall, he made a struggle to look about him. Everywhere was tumult, exultation, astounding noise, yet furious dumb-show

“The Prisoners !”

“The Records !”

“The instruments of torture !”

“The Prisoners !”

Of all these cries, “The Prisoners !” was the cry most taken up by the sea that rushed in. When the foremost billows rolled past, bearing the prison officers with them, Defarge laid his strong hand on the breast of one of these men, separated him from the rest, and got him between himself and the wall

“Show me the North Tower !” said Defarge. “Quick !”

“I will faithfully, if you will come with me. But there is no one there.”

“What is the meaning of One Hundred and Five, North Tower ?” asked Defarge.

“Monsieur, it is a cell.”

“Show it to me !”

“Pass this way, then”

Jacques Three held by Defarge's arm as he held by the turnkey's

Through gloomy vaults where the light of day had never shone, down cavernous flights of steps, and again up steep rugged ascents of stone and brick, Defarge, the turnkey, and Jacques Three went with all the speed they could make

The turnkey stopped at a low door, put a key in a clashing lock, swung the door slowly open, and said, as they passed in .

“ One Hundred and Five, North Tower ! ”

There was a small, heavily-grated, unglazed window high in the wall There was a small chimney, heavily barred across, a few feet within There was a stool, and table, and a straw bed There were the four blackened walls, and a rusted iron ring in one of them.

“ Pass that torch slowly along these walls,” said Defarge to the turnkey.

“ Stop !—Look here, Jacques ! ”

“ A M ! ” croaked Jacques Three

“ Alexandre Manette,” said Defarge. “ And here he wrote ‘ a poor physician ’ What is that in your hand ? A crowbar ? Give it me ! ”

He had still the linstock of his gun in his own hand. He made a sudden exchange of the two instruments, and turning on the worm-eaten stool and table, beat them to pieces in a few blows.

“ Hold the light higher ! ” he said to the turnkey. “ Look among those fragments, Jacques. And see ! ”

Here is my knife," throwing it to him , " rip open that bed, and search the straw Hold the light higher, you ! "

With a menacing look at the turnkey he crawled upon the hearth, and in the old wood-ashes he groped with a cautious touch

" Nothing in the wood, and nothing in the straw, Jacques ? "

" Nothing "

" Let us collect them together, in the middle of the cell. So Light them, you ! "

The turnkey fired the little pile, which blazed high and hot Stooping again to come out at the low arched door, they left it burning, and retraced their way to the courtyard.

Seven prisoners released, seven gory heads on pikes, the keys of the accursed fortress of the eight strong towers, some letters and other memorials of prisoners of old time—such, and such-like, the loudly echoing footsteps of Saint Antoine escort through the Paris streets in mid-July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine. Now, Heaven defeat the fancy of Lucie Darnay, and keep these feet far out of her life.

CHAPTER XV.

DRAWN TO THE LOADSTONE ROCK

[The storming of the Bastille on July 14th, 1789, was the first violent act of the French Revolution. The example of the rioters in Paris was followed by the peasants in all parts of

France, and they burned many of the houses of the nobles Affairs went from bad to worse in 1792, war broke out with Austria Louis XVI was deposed and held prisoner the French nobility fled, if possible, to England for shelter, and to many of them Tellson's Bank became their headquarters and meeting-place]

ON a steaming, misty afternoon, Mr. Lorry sat at his desk, and Charles Darnay stood talking with him in a low voice

"But, although you are the youngest man that ever lived," said Charles Darnay, "I must still suggest to you——"

"I understand That I am too old ?" said Mr. Lorry.

"Unsettled weather, a long journey, uncertain means of travelling, a disorganised country, a city that may not be even safe for you "

"My dear Charles," said Mr. Lorry, "you touch some of the reasons for my going not for my staying away. It is safe enough for me, nobody will interfere with an old fellow of hard upon fourscore. As to its being a disorganised city, if it were not a disorganised city there would be no occasion to send somebody from our House here to our House there As to the uncertain travelling, the long journey, and the winter weather, if I were not prepared to submit myself to a few inconveniences for the sake of Tellson's, after all these years, who ought to be ?"

"I wish I were going myself," said Charles Darnay.

"Indeed ! You are a pretty fellow to object and advise !" exclaimed Mr Lorry. "You wish you were going yourself ! And you a Frenchman born !"

“ My dear Mr. Lorry, it is because I am a Frenchman born, that the thought has passed through my mind often One cannot help thinking, having had some sympathy for the miserable people, that one might be listened to, and might have the power to persuade to some restraint However, I am not going It is more to the purpose that you say you are.”

“ And I am The truth is, you can have no conception of the difficulty with which our business is transacted, and of the peril in which our books and papers over yonder are involved And shall I hang back, when Tellson’s knows this and says this—Tellson’s, whose bread I have eaten these sixty years—because I am a little stiff about the joints ? ”

The House approached Mr Lorry, and laying an unopened letter before him, asked if he had yet discovered any traces of the person to whom it was addressed ? The House laid the letter down so close to Darnay that he saw the direction—the more quickly because it was his own right name The address, turned into English, ran .

“ Very pressing. To Monsieur heretofore the Marquis St Evrémonde, of France. Confided to the cares of Messrs Tellson and Co , Bankers, London, England ”

On the marriage morning, Doctor Manette had made it his one urgent and express request to Charles Darnay, that the secret of this name should be—unless he, the Doctor, dissolved the obligation—kept inviolate between them Nobody else knew it to be his name , his own wife had no suspicion of the fact ; Mr. Lorry could have none

“ No,” said Mr. Lorry , “ I have referred it, I think, to everybody now here, and no one can tell me where this gentleman is to be found.”

The hands of the clock verging upon the hour of closing the Bank, there was a general set of the current of talkers past Mr Lorry’s desk He held the letter out inquiringly , and Monseigneur This, That, and The Other, all had something disnaring to say, in French or in English, concerning the Marquis who was not to be found.

“ Nephew, I believe—but in any case degenerate successor—of the polished Marquis who was murdered,” said one

“ A craven who abandoned his post,” said another Darnay, unable to restrain himself any longer, said

“ I know the fellow.”

“ Will you take charge of the letter ? ” said Mr Lorry

“ You know where to deliver it ? ”

“ I do Do you start for Paris from here ? ”

“ From here, at eight ”

“ I will come back, to see you off ”

Very ill at ease with himself, Darnay made the best of his way into the quiet of the Temple, opened the letter, and read it. These were its contents .

“ Prison of the Abbaye, Paris

“ June 21, 1792

“ MONSIEUR HERETOFORE THE MARQUIS

“ After having long been in danger of my life at the hands of the village, I have been seized, with great violence and

indignity, and brought a long journey on foot to Paris. Nor is that all, my house has been destroyed—razed to the ground

“The crime for which I am imprisoned, and for which I shall be summoned before the tribunal, and shall lose my life (without your so generous help), is, they tell me, treason against the majesty of the people, in that I have acted against them for an emigrant. It is in vain I represent that I have acted for them, and not against, according to your commands. The only response is, that I have acted for an emigrant, and where is that emigrant?

“Ah! most gracious Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, where is that emigrant? I cry in my sleep where is he? No answer. Ah Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, I send my desolate cry across the sea, hoping it may perhaps reach your ears through the great bank of Tilson known at Paris!

“For the love of Heaven, of the honour of your noble name, I supplicate you, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, to succour and release me. My fault is, that I have been true to you. Oh Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, I pray you be you true to me!

“From this prison here of horror, I send you, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, the assurance of my dolorous and unhappy service.

“Your afflicted,

“GABELLE”

The uneasiness in Darnay's mind was roused to vigorous life by this letter. The peril of an old servant and a good

one, whose only crime was fidelity to himself and his family, stared him so reproachfully in the face, that, as he walked to and fro in the Temple considering what to do, he almost hid his face from the passers-by. Monsieur Gabelle had held the improverished estate on written instructions, to spare the people, to give them what little there was to give—such fuel as the heavy creditors would let them have in the winter, and such produce as could be saved from the same grip in the summer—and no doubt he had put the fact in plea and proof, for his own safety, so that it could not but appear now.

This favoured the desperate resolution Charles Darnay had begun to make, that he would go to Paris.

As he walked to and fro with his resolution made, he considered that neither Lucie nor her father must know of it until he was gone.

[Darnay saw Mr. Lorry off to Paris but did not tell him of his resolution.]

That night—it was the fourteenth of August—he sat up late, and wrote two fervent letters; one was to Lucie, explaining the strong obligation he was under to go to Paris, and showing her, at length, the reasons that he had for feeling confident that he could become involved in no personal danger there; the other was to the Doctor, confiding Lucie and their dear child to his care, and dwelling on the same topics with the strongest assurances.

[And having written these letters he left for France.]

Book the Third—The Track of a Storm

CHAPTER I

IN SECRET

A VERY few leagues of his journey were accomplished when Charles Darnay began to perceive that for him along these country roads there was no hope of return until he should have been declared a good citizen at Paris

[As he proceeded towards Paris, he found it necessary to engage an escort His escort became his guard, and on reaching Paris, he found himself a prisoner]

Daylight at last found them before the wall of Paris. The barrier was closed and strongly guarded when they rode up to it

“Where are the papers of this prisoner ?” demanded a resolute-looking man in authority.

Naturally struck by the disagreeable word, Charles Darnay requested the speaker to take notice that he was a free traveller and French citizen, in charge of an escort which the disturbed state of the country had imposed upon him

“Where,” repeated the same personage, “are the papers of this prisoner ?”

Casting his eyes over Gabelle’s letter, the same personage in authority showed some surprise, and looked at Darnay with a close attention



Charles Darnay a prisoner

[*After a while the officer returned, with Defarge*]

“ You are consigned, Evremonde, to the prison of La Force ”

“ Just Heaven ! ” exclaimed Darnay. “ Under what law, and for what offence ? ”

“ We have new laws, Evrémonde, and new offences, since you were here.” He said it with a hard smile, and went on writing.

“ I entreat you to observe that I have come here voluntarily, in response to that written appeal of a fellow-countryman which lies before you. I demand no more than the opportunity to do so without delay. Is not that my right ? ”

“ Emigrants have no rights, Evrémonde ” The officer wrote until he had finished, read over to himself what he had written, and handed it to Defarge, with the words “ In secret ”

[*Darnay was then taken to the prison of La Force.*]

CHAPTER II

THE GRINDSTONE

TELLSON'S Bank, established in the Saint Germain Quarter of Paris, was in a wing of a large house, approached by a courtyard and shut off from the street by a high wall and a strong gate. Mr Jarvis Lorry sat by a newly-lighted wood fire, and on his honest and courageous face there was a

deeper shade than the pendent lamp could throw—a shade of horror

He occupied rooms in the Bank, in his fidelity to the House of which he had grown to be a part. On the opposite side of the courtyard was a large grindstone—a roughly mounted thing which appeared to have hurriedly been brought there from some neighbouring smithy, or other workshop. Rising and looking out of window, Mr Lorry shivered, and retired to his seat by the fire.

“Thank God,” said Mr Lorry, clasping his hands, “that no one dear to me is in this dreadful town to-night.”

Soon afterwards his door suddenly opened, and two figures rushed in, at sight of which he fell back in amazement.

Lucie and her father!

“What is this?” cried Mr. Lorry. “What is the matter? Lucie! Manette! What has happened?”

She panted out imploringly, “O my dear friend! My husband!”

“What of Charles?”

“Has been here some days—I don’t know how many—I can’t collect my thoughts. An errand of generosity brought him here unknown to us, he was stopped at the barrier, and sent to prison.”

The old man uttered an irrepressible cry. Almost at the same moment, the bell of the great gate rang again, and a loud noise of feet and voices came pouring into the courtyard.

“What is that noise?” said the Doctor.

“Don’t look !” cried Mr Lorry. “Manette, for your life, don’t touch the blind !”

The Doctor turned, with his hand upon the fastening of the window, and said, with a cool, bold smile

“My dear friend, I have a charmed life in this city I have been a Bastille prisoner There is no patriot in Paris who, knowing me to have been a prisoner in the Bastille, would touch me, except overwhelm me with embraces, or carry me in triumph. What is that noise ?” His hand was again upon the window.

“Don’t look !” cried Mr. Lorry ‘No, Lucie, my dear, nor you ! I solemnly swear to you that I know of no harm having happened to Charles. What prison is he in ?”

“La Force !”

“La Force ! Lucie, my child, if ever you were brave and serviceable in your life, you will compose yourself now, to do exactly as I bid you There is no help for you in any action on your part to-night, you cannot possibly stir out You must let me put you in a room here. You must leave your father and me alone for two minutes”

“I will be submissive to you I know you are true”

The old man kissed her, and hurried her into his room, and turned the key, then came hurrying back to the Doctor, and looked out with him into the courtyard

Looked out upon a throng of men and women not enough in number, or near enough, to fill the courtyard : not more than forty or fifty in all. But such awful workers, and such awful work !

The grindstone had a double handle, and, turning at it

madly were two men, whose faces were more horrible and cruel than the visages of the wildest savages. The eye could not detect one creature in the group free from the smear of blood. Hatchets, knives, bayonets, swords, all brought to be sharpened, were all red with it.

All this was seen in a moment. They drew back from the window, and the Doctor looked for explanation in his friend's ashy face.

"They are," Mr Lorry whispered the words, "murdering the prisoners. If you are sure of what you say; if you really have the power you think you have, make yourself known to these devils, and get taken to La Force."

Doctor Manette pressed his hand, hastened bareheaded out of the room, and was in the courtyard when Mr Lorry regained the blind.

His streaming white hair, his remarkable face, carried him in an instant to the heart of the concourse at the stone. For a few moments there was a pause; and then Mr Lorry saw him in the midst of a line of twenty men long, hurried out with cries of—"Live the Bastille prisoner! Help for the Bastille prisoner's kindred in La Force! Save the prisoner Evremonde at La Force!" and a thousand answering shouts.

He closed the lattice again, hastened to Lucie, and told her that her father was assisted by the people, and gone in search of her husband. He found her child and Miss Pross with her; but it never occurred to him to be surprised by their appearance.

Twice more in the darkness the bell at the great gate

sounded, and the irruption was repeated, and the grindstone whirled and spluttered. "What is it?" cried Lucie, affrighted. "Hush! The soldiers' swords are sharpened there," said Mr. Lorry. "The place is used as a kind of armoury, my love."

Soon afterwards the day began to dawn, and he cautiously looked out again. The great grindstone, Earth, had turned, and the sun was red on the courtyard. But, the lesser grindstone stood alone there in the calm morning air, with a red upon it that the sun had never given, and would never take away.

CHAPTER III

THE SHADOW

ONE of the first considerations which arose in the business mind of Mr. Lorry when business hours came round, was this.—that he had no right to imperil Tellson's by sheltering the wife of an emigrant prisoner under the Bank roof.

Noon coming, and the Doctor not returning, and every minute's delay tending to compromise Tellson's, Mr. Lorry advised with Lucie. She said that her father had spoken of hiring a lodging for a short term, in that Quarter, near the Banking-house. As there was no business objection to this, Mr. Lorry went out in quest of such a lodging, and found a suitable one.

To this lodging he at once removed Lucie and her child, and Miss Pross. He left Jerry with them, and returned to

his own occupations. Slowly and heavily the day wore itself out, until the Bank closed. He was alone in his room considering what to do next, when he heard a foot upon the stair. In a few moments, a man stood in his presence

[*The man was Defarge. He had brought a message from Dr. Manette.*]

Defarge gave into his anxious hand, an open scrap of paper. It bore the words in the Doctor's writing.

"Charles is safe, but I cannot safely leave this place yet. I have obtained the favour that the bearer has a short note from Charles to his wife. Let the bearer see his wife."

"Will you accompany me," said Mr. Lorry, "to where his wife resides?"

"Yes," returned Defarge.

[*Mr. Lorry and Defarge, with Madame Defarge, went to Lucie's lodgings.*]

They passed through the intervening streets, ascended the staircase of the new domicile, were admitted by Jerry, and found Lucy weeping, alone. She was thrown into a transport by the tidings Mr. Lorry gave her of her husband, and clasped the hand that delivered his note.

"DEAREST,—Take courage. I am well, and your father has influence around me. You cannot answer this. Kiss our child for me."

That was all the writing. It was so much, however, to her who received it, that she turned from Defarge to his wife, and kissed one of the hands that knitted. It was a

loving, thankful, womanly action, but the hand made no response—dropped cold and heavy, and took to its knitting again

“What is it that your husband says in that little letter ? ” asked Madame Defarge. “Influence , he says something touching influence ? ”

“That my father,” said Lucie, “has much influence around him ”

“Surely it will release him ! ” said Madame Defarge “Let it do so ”

She resumed her knitting and went out. Defarge went last, and closed the door.

“Courage, my dear Lucie,” said Mr. Lorry “Courage, courage ! So far all goes well with us. Cheer up, and have a thankful heart ”

“I am not thankless, I hope, but that dreadful woman seems to throw a shadow on all my hopes.”

“Tut, tut ! ” said Mr Lorry. “A shadow indeed ! No substance in it, Lucie ”

But the shadow of the manner of these Defarges was dark upon himself, for all that, and in his secret mind it troubled him greatly.

CHAPTER IV.

CALM IN STORM

DOCTOR MANETTE did not return until the morning of the fourth day of his absence. So much of what had happened

in that dreadful time as could be kept from the knowledge of Lucie was so well concealed from her, that not until long afterwards, when France and she were far apart, did she know that eleven hundred defenceless prisoners of both sexes and all ages had been killed by the populace.

To Mr. Lorry, the Doctor communicated that the crowd had taken him through a scene of carnage to the prison of La Force. That, in the prison he had found a self-appointed Tribunal sitting, before which the prisoners were brought singly, and by which they were rapidly ordered to be put forth to be massacred, or to be released, or to be sent back to their cells. That, presented by his conductors to this Tribunal, he had announced himself as having been for eighteen years a secret and unaccused prisoner in the Bastille, that, one of the body so sitting in judgment had risen and identified him, and that this man was Defarge.

That, hereupon he had ascertained that his son-in-law was among the living prisoners. That, in the first frantic greetings lavished on himself as a notable sufferer under the overthrown system, it had been accorded to him to have Charles Darnay brought before the lawless Court, and examined. That, he seemed on the point of being at once released, when the tide in his favour met with some unexplained check, which led to a few words of secret conference. That, the man sitting as President had then informed Doctor Manette that the prisoner must remain in custody, but should, for his sake, be held inviolate in safe custody.

He could now assure Lucie that her husband was no

longer confined alone, but mixed with the general body of prisoners ; he saw her husband weekly, and brought sweet messages to her, straight from his lips , sometimes her husband himself sent a letter to her (though never by the Doctor's hand), but she was not permitted to write to him.

But, though the Doctor tried hard, and never ceased trying, to get Charles Darnay set at liberty, or at least to get him brought to trial, the public current of the time set too strong and fast for him. The new era began , the king was tried, doomed, and beheaded ; the Republic of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death, declared for victory or death against the world in arms

Among these terrors the Doctor walked with a steady head : confident in his power, cautiously persistent in his end, never doubting that he would save Lucie's husband at last

[At last, Darnay was brought to trial.]

CHAPTER V.

TRIUMPH

THE dread Tribunal sat every day. Their lists went forth every evening, and were read out by the gaolers of the various prisons to their prisoners. The standard gaoler-joke was, " Come out and listen to the Evening Paper ! "

" Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay ! "

So at last began the Evening Paper at La Force.

There were twenty-three names, but only twenty were responded to ; for one of the prisoners so summoned had died in gaol and been forgotten, and two had already been guillotined and forgotten. The list was read in the vaulted chamber where Darnay had seen the prisoners on the night of his arrival.

Next day, fifteen prisoners were put to the bar before Charles Darnay's name was called. All the fifteen were condemned, and the trials of the whole occupied an hour and a half.

"Charles Evremonde, called Darnay," was at length arraigned.

Charles Evremonde, called Darnay, was accused by the public prosecutor as an emigrant, whose life was forfeit to the Republic, under the decree which banished all emigrants on pain of Death. It was nothing that the decree bore date since his return to France. There he was, and there was the decree ; he had been taken in France, and his head was demanded.

"Take off his head !" cried the audience. "An enemy to the Republic !"

The President rang his bell to silence those cries, and asked the prisoner whether it was not true that he had lived many years in England ?

Undoubtedly it was.

Was he not an emigrant then ? What did he call himself ?

Not an emigrant, he hoped, within the sense and spirit of the law, because he had voluntarily relinquished a title

that was distasteful to him, and a station that was distasteful to him, and had left his country to live by his own industry in England, rather than on the industry of the overladen people of France

What proof had he of this ?

He handed in the names of two witnesses , Théophile Gabelle, and Alexandre Manette

But he had married in England, the President reminded him

“ True, but a citizeness of France, Lucie Manette, only daughter of Doctor Manette, the good physician who sits there ”

This answer had a happy effect upon the audience Cries in exaltation of the well-known good physician rent the hall

On these few steps of his dangerous way, Charles Darnay had set his foot according to Doctor Manette’s reiterated instructions

The President asked, why had he returned to France when he did, and not sooner ?

He had not returned sooner, he replied, because he had no means of living in France, save those he had resigned , whereas, in England, he lived by giving instruction in the French language and literature He had returned, on the pressing entreaty of a French citizen, who represented that his life was endangered by his absence. He had come back, to save a citizen’s life, and to bear his testimony, at whatever personal hazard, to the truth Was that criminal in the eyes of the Republic ?

The President required the name of that citizen. The accused explained that the citizen was his first witness. He also referred with confidence to the citizen's letter, which had been taken from him at the Barrier, but which he did not doubt would be found among the papers then before the President.

The Doctor had taken care that it should be there, and at this stage of the proceedings it was produced and read. Citizen Gabelle was called to confirm it, and did so.

Doctor Manette was next questioned. His high personal popularity, and the clearness of his answers, made a great impression; but, as he showed that the Accused was his first friend on his release from his long imprisonment, that the accused had remained in England; that, so far from being in favour with the Aristocrat government there, he had actually been tried for his life by it, as the foe of England and friend of the United States—as he brought these circumstances into view, the Jury and the populace became one. At last, the Jury declared that they had heard enough, and that they were ready with their votes if the President were content to receive them.

At every vote (the Jurymen voted aloud and individually), the populace set up a shout of applause. All the voices were in the prisoner's favour, and the President declared him free.

After grasping the Doctor's hand, as he stood victorious and proud before him; after grasping the hand of Mr Lorry, after kissing little Lucie, he took his wife in his arms, and carried her up to their rooms.

“ Lucie ! My own ! I am safe ”

“ O dearest Charles, let me thank God for this on my knees as I have prayed to Him ”

They all reverently bowed their heads and hearts

“ And now speak to your father, dearest No other man in all this France could have done what he has done for me ”

She laid her head upon her father's breast, as she had laid his poor head on her own breast, long, long ago He was happy in the return he had made her “ You must not be weak, my darling,” he remonstrated ; “ don't tremble so I have saved him ”

CHAPTER VI.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

“ I HAVE saved him ” It was not another of the dreams in which he had often come back ; he was really here And yet his wife trembled, and a vague but heavy fear was upon her.

The shadows of the wintry afternoon were beginning to fall, and even now the dreadful carts were rolling through the streets Her mind pursued them, looking for him among the Condemned , and then she clung closer to his real presence and trembled more. Little Lucie sat by her grandfather with her hands clasped through his arm and he began to tell her a story of a great and powerful Fairy who had opened a prison-wall and let out a captive

who had once done the Fairy a service All was subdued and quiet, and Lucie was more at ease than she had been

“What is that ?” she cried, all at once.

“My dear !” said her father, “command yourself ”

“I thought, my father,” said Lucie, “that I heard strange feet upon the stairs ”

“My love, the staircase is as still as Death.”

As he said the word, a blow was struck upon the door.

“Oh father, father What can this be ! Hide Charles Save him ! ”

“My child,” said the Doctor, “I *have* saved him What weakness is this, my dear ! Let me go to the door.”

[*Four men entered and re-arrested Darnay.*]

Doctor Manette, whom this visitation had so turned into stone, that he stood with the lamp in his hand, as if he were a statue made to hold it, moved after these words were spoken, and said

“You know him, you have said. Do you know me ? ”

“Yes, I know you, Citizen Doctor ”

“Will you answer his question to me then ? How does this happen ? ”

“Citizen Doctor,” said the first, reluctantly, “he is accused by Saint Antoine.”

“Of what ? ” asked the Doctor

“Citizen Doctor,” said the first, with his former reluctance, “ask no more. Evrémonde, we are pressed ”

“One word,” the Doctor entreated. “Will you tell me who denounced him ? ”



The arrest of Charles Darnay

“He is denounced—and gravely—by the Citizen and Citizeness Defarge. And by one other.”

“What other ? ”

“Do *you* ask, Citizen Doctor ? ”

“Yes.”

“Then,” said he of Saint Antoine, with a strange look, “you will be answered to-morrow. Now, I am dumb ! ”

CHAPTER VII.

A HAND AT CARDS

HAPPILY unconscious of the new calamity at home, Miss Pross, escorted by Mr. Cruncher, went through the streets on her usual shopping duties. As she was purchasing wine, a man rose to depart. In going he had to face Miss Pross. No sooner did he face her, than Miss Pross uttered a scream

[The man was her brother Solomon, of whom she had lost sight for many years. Mr. Cruncher, too, seemed to remember his face, but could not think in what connection he had seen him before.]

Mr. Cruncher, touching him on the shoulder, hoarsely and unexpectedly interposed with the following singular question :

“I say ! Might I ask the favour ? As to whether your name is John Solomon, or Solomon John ? ”

The official turned towards him with sudden distrust.

“Come ! ” said Mr. Cruncher “John Solomon, or

Solomon John ? She calls you Solomon, and she must know, being your sister. And *I* know you're John, you know. Which of the two goes first ? And regarding that name of Pross, likewise That warn't your name over the water."

"What do you mean ? "

"I'll swear it was a name of two syllables "

"Indeed ? "

"Yes I know you. You was a spy-witness at the Bailey. What was you called at that time ? "

"Barsad," said another voice, striking in.

"That's the name for a thousand pound ! " cried Jerry.

The speaker who struck in, was Sydney Carton He had his hands behind him under the skirts of his riding-coat, and he stood at Mr. Cruncher's elbow as negligently as he might have stood at the Old Bailey itself.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear Miss Pross I arrived at Mr Lorry's, to his surprise, yesterday evening, we agreed that I would not present myself elsewhere until all was well, or unless I could be useful ; I present myself here, to beg a little talk with your brother. I wish for your sake Mr Barsad was not a Sheep of the Prisons."

Sheep was a cant word of the time for a spy. The spy, who was pale, turned paler, and asked him how he dared——

"I'll tell you," said Sydney "I lighted on you, Mr Barsad, coming out of the prison of the Conciergerie while I was contemplating the walls, an hour or more ago You have a face to be remembered, and I remember faces well.



Recognition

I walked into the wine-shop here, close after you, and sat near you. I had no difficulty in deducing the nature of your calling. Could you favour me, in confidence, with

some minutes of your company—at the office of Tellson's Bank, for instance ? ”

“ Now, I told you so,” said the spy, casting a reproachful look at his sister , “ if any trouble comes of this, it's your doing.”

“ Come, come, Mr Barsad ! ” exclaimed Sydney “ Don't be ungrateful Do you go with me to the Bank ? ”

“ I'll hear what you have got to say Yes, I'll go with you ”

Carton led the way to Mr Lorry's, which was within a few minutes' walk John Barsad, or Solomon Pross, walked at his side

Mr Lorry had just finished his dinner He turned his head as they entered, and showed the surprise with which he saw a stranger.

“ Miss Pross's brother, sir,” said Sydney “ Mr Barsad ”

“ Barsad ? Barsad ? I have an association with the name—and with the face ”

“ I told you you had a remarkable face, Mr Barsad,” observed Carton, coolly.

As he took a chair himself, he supplied the link that Mr. Lorry wanted, by saying to him, “ Witness at that trial ”

“ Mr Barsad has been recognised by Miss Pross as the affectionate brother you have heard of,” said Sydney, “ and has acknowledged the relationship I pass to worse news. Darnay has been arrested again ”

Struck with consternation, the old gentleman exclaimed, “ What do you tell me ! I left him safe and free within these two hours, and am about to return to him ! ”

“ Arrested for all that When was it done, Mr Barsad ? ”

‘ Just now, if at all ’

“ Mr Barsad is the best authority possible, sir,” said Sydney, “ and I have it from Mr. Barsad’s communication to a friend over a bottle of wine, that the arrest has taken place ”

Mr Lorry’s business eye read in the speaker’s face that it was loss of time to dwell upon the point.

“ Now, I trust,” said Sydney to him, “ that the name and influence of Doctor Manette may stand him in as good stead to-morrow as to-day. But it may not be so. I own to you, I am shaken, Mr. Lorry, by Doctor Manette’s not having had the power to prevent this arrest.”

“ That’s true,” Mr. Lorry acknowledged

“ In short,” said Sydney, “ this is a desperate time, when desperate games are played for desperate stakes. Now, the stake I have resolved to play for, in case of the worst, is a friend in the Conciergerie. And the friend I purpose to myself to win, is Mr. Barsad.”

“ You need have good cards, sir,” said the spy.

“ I’ll run them over I’ll see what I hold, Mr Barsad,” he went on, in the tone of one who really was looking over a hand at cards : “ Sheep of the prisons, now turnkey, now prisoner, always spy and secret informer, represents himself to his employers under a false name That’s a very good card. Mr. Barsad, now in the employ of the republican French government, was formerly in the employ of the aristocratic English government That’s an excellent card. Inference clear as day in this region of suspicion, that Mr. Barsad, still in the pay of the aristo-

cratic English government, is the spy of Pitt, the treacherous foe of the Republic crouching in its bosom. That's a card not to be beaten Have you followed my hand, Mr Barsad ? ”

“ Not to understand your play,” returned the spy, somewhat uneasily

“ I play my Ace, Denunciation of Mr Barsad to the nearest Section Committee Look over your hand, Mr. Barsad, and see what you have Don't hurry ”

It was a poorer hand than he suspected Mr Barsad saw losing cards in it that Sydney Carton knew nothing of.

“ You scarcely seem to like your hand,” said Sydney. “ Do you play ? ”

“ I think, sir,” said the spy, as he turned to Mr Lorry, “ I may appeal to a gentleman of your benevolence, to put it to this other gentleman, whether he can under any circumstances reconcile it to his station to play that Ace of which he has spoken I admit that *I* am a spy , but this gentleman is no spy, and why should he so demean himself as to make himself one ? ”

“ I play my Ace, Mr. Barsad,” said Carton, taking the answer on himself, and looking at his watch, “ in a very few minutes ”

The Sheep of the prisons turned to Sydney Carton, and said, “ It has come to a point I go on duty soon, and can't overstay my time You told me you had a proposal ; what is it ? ”

“ Not very much You are a turnkey at the Conciergerie ? ”

“ I am sometimes.”

“ You can be when you choose ? ”

“ I can pass in and out when I choose.”

“ So far, we have spoken before these two, because it was as well that the merits of the cards should not rest solely between you and me. Come into the dark room here, and let us have one final word alone.”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GAME MADE.

[*Sydney Carton and Barsad held their conference and then returned.*]

SYDNEY CARTON and the spy returned from the dark room. “ Adieu, Mr. Barsad,” said the former ; “ our arrangement thus made, you have nothing to fear from me.”

He sat down in a chair on the hearth, over against Mr. Lorry. When they were alone, Mr. Lorry asked him what he had done ?

“ Not much. If it should go ill with the prisoner, I have ensured access to him, once.”

Mr. Lorry’s countenance fell.

“ It is all I could do,” said Carton.

“ But access to him,” said Mr. Lorry, “ if it should go ill before the Tribunal, will not save him.”

“ I never said it would.”

Mr. Lorry’s eyes gradually sought the fire ; his sympathy

with his darling gradually weakened them ; he was an old man now, overborne with anxiety of late, and his tears fell

“ To return to poor Darnay,” said Carton “ Don’t tell her of this interview, or this arrangement It would not enable her to go to see him Don’t speak of me to her. You are going to her, I hope ? She must be very desolate to-night.”

“ I am going now, directly.”

“ I am glad of that. She has such a strong attachment to you and reliance on you How does she look ? ”

“ Anxious and unhappy, but very beautiful.”

“ Ah ! ”

It was a long, grieving sound, like a sigh—almost like a sob It attracted Mr. Lorry’s eyes to Carton’s face, which was turned to the fire A light, or a shade, passed from it as swiftly as a change will sweep over a hill-side on a wild bright day, and he lifted his foot to put back one of the little flaming logs, which was tumbling forward.

“ And your duties here have drawn to an end, sir ? ” said Carton

“ Yes As I was telling you last night when Lucie came in so unexpectedly, I have at length done all that I can do here I hoped to have left them in perfect safety, and then to have quitted Paris. I have my Leave to Pass. I was ready to go ”

[Mr Lorry and Carton went out together, after arranging to meet at the court in the morning]

A few minutes brought them to Mr Lorry's destination Carton left him there ; but lingered at a little distance, and turned back to the gate when it was shut, and touched it He had heard of her going to the prison every day "She came out here," he said, "turned this way, must have trod on these stones often. Let me follow in her steps "

Sydney had not gone far, when he stopped in the middle of the street under a glimmering lamp, and wrote with his pencil on a scrap of paper Then, traversing with the decided step of one who remembered the way well, several dark and dirty streets, he stopped at a chemist's shop, kept in a tortuous, up-hill thoroughfare, by a small, dim, crooked man

Giving this citizen good night, as he confronted him at his counter, he laid the scrap of paper before him

Certain small packets were made and given to him. He put them, one by one, in the breast of his inner coat, and left the shop "There is nothing more to do," said he, glancing upward at the moon, "until to-morrow. I can't sleep "

It was not a reckless manner, the manner in which he said these words aloud under the fast-sailing clouds, nor was it more expressive of negligence than defiance It was the settled manner of a tired man, who had wandered and struggled and got lost, but who at length struck into his road and saw its end

[Next morning, Carton went to the court.]

The court was all astir and a-buzz. Mr. Lorry was there, and Doctor Manette was there. She was there, sitting beside her father.

When her husband was brought in, she turned a look upon him, so full of admiring love and pitying tenderness, yet so courageous for his sake, that it called the healthy blood into his face, brightened his glance, and animated his heart

Every eye turned to the five judges and the public prosecutor. No favourable leaning in that quarter to-day. Every eye then sought some other eye in the crowd, and gleamed at it approvingly, and heads nodded at one another, before bending forward with a strained attention.

Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay. Released yesterday. Reaccused and retaken yesterday. Indictment delivered to him last night. Suspected and Denounced enemy of the Republic, Aristocrat, one of a family of tyrants, one of a race proscribed, for that they had used their abolished privileges to the infamous oppression of the people.

The President asked, was the Accused openly denounced or secretly ?

“ Openly, President ”

“ By whom ? ”

“ Three voices. Ernest Defarge, wine-vendor of St. Antoine ”

“ Good ”

“ Thérèse Defarge, his wife.”

“ Good ”

“ Alexandre Manette, physician ”

A great uproar took place in the court, and in the midst of it Doctor Manette was seen, pale and trembling, standing where he had been seated.

“ President, I indignantly protest to you that this is a forgery and a fraud. You know the accused to be the husband of my daughter. Who and where is the false conspirator who says that I denounce the husband of my child ? ”

“ Citizen Manette, if the Republic should demand of you the sacrifice of your child herself, you would have no duty but to sacrifice her. Listen to what is to follow. In the meanwhile, be silent ! ”

Doctor Manette sat down, with his eyes looking around, and his lips trembling ; his daughter drew closer to him.

Defarge was produced, and rapidly expounded the story of the imprisonment, and of his having been a mere boy in the Doctor’s service, and of the release, and of the state of the prisoner when released and delivered to him. This short examination followed, for the court was quick with its work.

“ You did good service at the taking of the Bastille, citizen ? ”

“ I believe so.”

“ Inform the Tribunal of what you did that day within the Bastille, citizen.”

“ I knew,” said Defarge, “ I knew that this prisoner, of whom I speak, had been confined in a cell known as One Hundred and Five, North Tower. I knew it from himself. As I serve my gun that day, I resolve, when the place

shall fall, to examine that cell. It falls I mount to the cell, directed by a gaoler. I examine it, very closely. In a hole in the chimney, where a stone has been worked out and replaced, I find a written paper I confide this paper, in the writing of Doctor Manette, to the hands of the President ”

“ Let it be read ”

In a dead silence and stillness the paper was read, as follows .

CHAPTER IX

THE SUBSTANCE OF THE SHADOW

“ I, ALEXANDRE MANETTE, physician, native of Beauvais, and afterwards resident in Paris, write this melancholy paper in my doleful cell in the Bastille, during the last month of the year, 1767. I design to secrete it in the wall of the chimney, where I have slowly and laboriously made a place of concealment for it. Some pitying hand may find it there, when I and my sorrows are dust

“ One cloudy moonlight night, in the third week of December in the year 1757, I was walking by the Seine, when a carriage came along behind me, driven very fast As I stood aside to let that carriage pass, a head was put out at the window, and a voice called to the driver to stop

“ The carriage stopped as soon as the driver could rein in his horses, and the same voice called to me by my name. I answered The carriage was then so far in advance of me that two gentlemen had time to open the door and alight

before I came up with it. I observed that they were both wrapped in cloaks, and appeared to conceal themselves. As they stood side by side near the carriage door, I also observed that they both looked of about my own age, and that they were greatly alike.

“ ‘ You are Doctor Manette ? ’ said one

“ ‘ I am ’

“ ‘ We have been to your residence,’ said the first, ‘ and being informed that you were probably walking in this direction, we followed, in the hope of overtaking you. Will you please to enter the carriage ? ’

“ ‘ Gentlemen,’ said I, ‘ pardon me , but I usually inquire who does me the honour to seek my assistance, and what is the nature of the case to which I am summoned ’

“ The reply to this was made by him who had spoken second ‘ Doctor, your clients are people of condition Enough Will you please to enter the carriage ? ’

“ I could do nothing but comply, and I entered it in silence

“ The carriage left the streets behind, passed the North Barrier, and emerged upon the country road. At two-thirds of a league from the Barrier it struck out of the main avenue, and presently stopped at a solitary house

[There in the solitary house, Dr Manette found two patients—brother and sister, both victims of the cruelty and passions of the nobles who had brought him there. Both died, but not before Dr. Manette had learned their stories and knew that great wrong had been done. On his return to Paris, he learned the names of the two wrong-doers: they were the

Marquis St Evrémonde and his brother, uncle and father of Charles Darnay, and he resolved to denounce them in a letter to the Minister He delivered this letter himself]

“ That night, a man in a black dress rang at my gate, demanded to see me, and softly followed my servant, Ernest Defarge, upstairs When my servant came into the room where I sat with my wife, we saw the man, who was supposed to be at the gate, standing silent behind him

“ An urgent case in the Rue St Honoré, he said It would not detain me, he had a coach in waiting.

“ It brought me here, it brought me to my grave. When I was clear of the house, a black muffler was drawn tightly over my mouth from behind, and my arms were pinioned. The two brothers crossed the road from a dark corner, and identified me with a single gesture The Marquis took from his pocket the letter I had written, showed it to me, burnt it in the light of a lantern that was held, and extinguished the ashes with his foot Not a word was spoken. I was brought here, I was brought to my living grave

“ If it had pleased God to put it in the hard heart of either of the brothers, in all these frightful years, to grant me any tidings of my dearest wife, I might have thought that He had not quite abandoned them And them and their descendants, to the last of their race, I, Alexandre Manette, unhappy prisoner, do this last night of the year 1767, in my unbearable agony, denounce to the times when all these things shall be answered for I denounce them to Heaven and to earth ”

A terrible sound arose when the reading of this document

was done The narrative called up the most revengeful passions of the time, and there was not a head in the nation but must have dropped before it. The man never trod ground whose virtues and services would have sustained him in that place that day, against such denunciation

Therefore when the President said that the good physician of the Republic would deserve better still of the Republic by rooting out an obnoxious family of Aristocrats, and would doubtless feel a sacred glow and joy in making his daughter a widow and her child an orphan, there was wild excitement, patriotic fervour, not a touch of human sympathy.

“Much influence around him, has that Doctor?” murmured Madame Defarge “Save him now, my Doctor, save him!”

At every juryman’s vote, there was a roar. Another and another. Roar and roar

Unanimously voted. At heart and by descent, an Aristocrat, an enemy of the Republic, a notorious oppressor of the People. Back to the Conciergerie, and Death within four-and-twenty hours!

CHAPTER X

DUSK

THE wretched wife of the innocent man thus doomed to die fell under the sentence, as if she had been mortally stricken. But she uttered no sound, and so strong was

the voice within her, representing that it was she of all the world who must uphold him in his misery and not augment it, that it quickly raised her, even from that shock.

The quick noise and movement of the court's emptying itself had not ceased, when Lucie stood stretching out her arms towards her husband, with nothing in her face but love and consolation

“ If I might touch him ! If I might embrace him once ! O, good citizens, if you would have so much compassion for us ! ”

There was but a gaoler left, along with two of the four men who had taken him last night, and Barsad Barsad proposed to the rest, “ Let her embrace him then , it is but a moment ” It was silently acquiesced in, and they passed her over the seats in the hall to a raised place, where he, by leaning over the dock, could fold her in his arms.

“ Farewell, dear darling of my soul. My parting blessing on my love. We shall meet again, where the weary are at rest ! ”

Her father had followed her, and would have fallen on his knees to both of them, but that Darnay put out a hand and seized him, crying :

“ No, no ! What have you done, what have you done, that you should kneel to us ! We know now, what a struggle you made of old We know now, what you underwent when you suspected my descent, and when you knew it It could not be otherwise All things have worked together as they have fallen out. Be comforted, and forgive me. Heaven bless you ! ”

As he was drawn away, his wife released him, and stood looking after him with her hands touching one another in the attitude of prayer. As he went out at the prisoners' door, she turned, laid her head lovingly on her father's breast, tried to speak to him, and fell at his feet.

Then, issuing from the obscure corner from which he had never moved, Sydney Carton came and took her up. Only her father and Mr. Lorry were with her. His arm trembled as it raised her, and supported her head. Yet, there was an air about him that was not all of pity—that had a flush of pride in it.

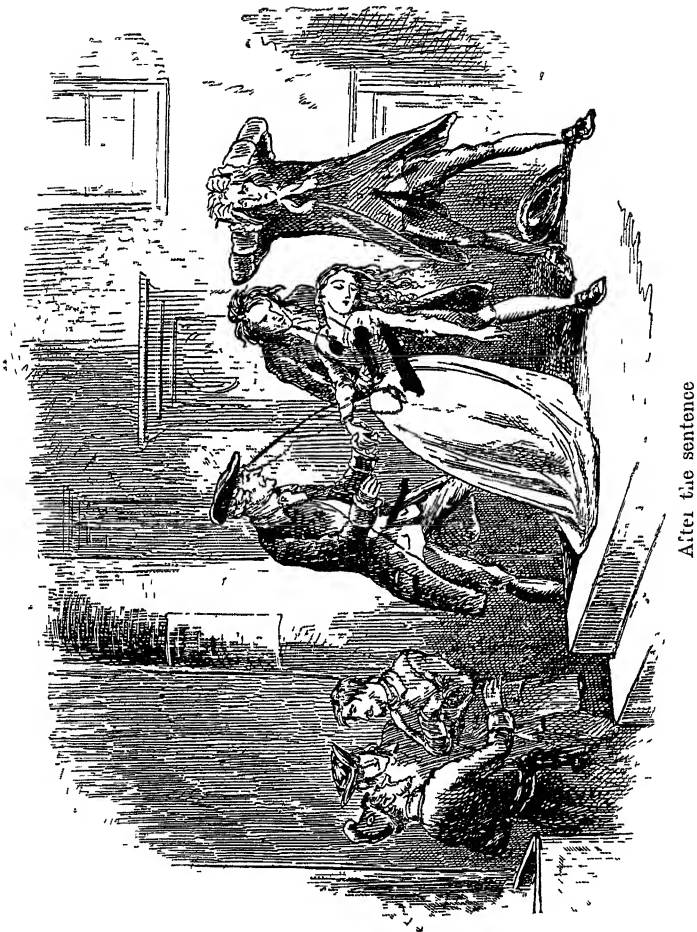
He carried her lightly to the door, and laid her tenderly down in a coach. Her father and their old friend got into it, and he took his seat beside the driver.

When they arrived at the gateway where he had paused in the dark not many hours before, he lifted her again, and carried her up the staircase to their rooms. There, he laid her down on a couch, where her child and Miss Pross wept over her.

"Don't recall her to herself," he said, softly, to the latter, "she is better so."

"Oh, Carton!" cried little Lucie, springing up and throwing her arms round him, in a burst of grief. "Now that you have come, I think you will do something to help mamma, something to save papa! O, look at her, dear Carton! Can you, of all the people who love her, bear to see her so?"

He bent over the child, and laid her cheek against his



face. He put her gently from him, and looked at her unconscious mother.

"Before I go," he said, and paused—"I may kiss her?"

It was remembered afterwards that when he bent down and touched her face with his lips, he murmured some words. The child, who was nearest to him, told them afterwards that she heard him say, "A life you love."

When he had gone out into the next room, he turned suddenly on Mr Lorry and her father, and said

"You had great influence but yesterday, Doctor Manette; let it at least be tried. These judges, and all the men in power, are very friendly to you, are they not?"

"Nothing connected with Charles was concealed from me. I had the strongest assurances that I should save him, and I did."

"Try them again. The hours between this and to-morrow afternoon are few and short, but try."

"I intend to try. I will not rest a moment."

"That's well. I have known such energy as yours do great things before now—though never," he added, with a smile and a sigh together, "such great things as this. But try!"

Mr Lorry followed Sydney to the outer door, and, touching him on the shoulder as he was going away, caused him to turn.

"I have no hope," said Mr Lorry.

"Nor have I."

"Don't despond," said Carton, "don't grieve. I encouraged Doctor Manette in this idea, because I felt that it might one day be consolatory to her. Otherwise, she might think 'his life was wantonly thrown away or wasted,' and that might trouble her."

“ Yes, yes, yes,” returned Mr Lorry, drying his eyes, “ you are right But he will perish , there is no real hope ”

“ Yes He will perish there is no real hope,” echoed Carton. And walked with a settled step, downstairs.

CHAPTER XI

DARKNESS

SYDNEY CARTON paused in the street, not quite decided where to go. “ At Tellson’s banking-house at nine,” he said, with a musing face. “ Shall I do well, in the mean time, to show myself ? I think so It is best that these people should know there is such a man as I here ; it is a sound precaution, and may be a necessary preparation.” And he turned his face towards Saint Antoine.

Defarge had described himself, that day, as the keeper of a wine-shop in the Saint Antoine suburb. It was not difficult for one who knew the city well, to find his house without asking any question Having ascertained its situation, Carton came out of those closer streets again, and dined at a place of refreshment and fell sound asleep after dinner

It was as late as seven o’clock when he awoke refreshed, and went out into the streets again As he passed along towards Saint Antoine, he stopped at a shop-window where there was a mirror, and slightly altered the disordered arrangement of his loose cravat, and his coat-collar, and

his wild hair This done, he went on direct to Defarge's, and went in

As Carton walked in, took his seat and asked (in very indifferent French) for a small measure of wine, Madame Defarge cast a careless glance at him, and then a keener, and then a keener, and then advanced to him herself, and asked him what it was he had ordered

He repeated what he had already said

"English ?" asked Madame Defarge, inquisitively raising her dark eyebrows.

After looking at her, as if the sound of even a single French word were slow to express itself to him, he answered, in his former strong foreign accent "Yes, madame, yes I am English !"

Madame Defarge returned to the counter to get the wine, and, as he took up a Jacobin journal and feigned to pore over it puzzling out its meaning, he heard her say, "I swear to you, like Evrémonde !"

Defarge brought him the wine, and gave him Good Evening

"How ?"

"Good evening"

"Oh ! Good evening, citizen," filling his glass "Ah ! and good wine. I drink to the Republic"

Defarge went back to the counter, and said, "Certainly, a little like." Madame sternly retorted, "I tell you a good deal like."

Carton followed the lines and words of his paper, with a slow forefinger, and with a studious and absorbed face.

“ It is true what madame says,” observed Jacques Three
“ Why stop ? There is great force in that Why stop ? ”

“ Well, well,” reasoned Defarge, “ but one must stop somewhere After all, the question is still where ? ”

“ At extermination,” said madame.

[And then Darnay overheard the reason for the hatred that Madame Defarge bore to all of the Evremonde blood.]

“ In the beginning of the great days, when the Bastille falls, Defarge finds this paper of to-day, and he brings it home, and in the middle of the night when this place is clear and shut, we read it, here on this spot, by the light of this lamp Ask him, is that so ”

“ It is so,” assented Defarge

“ That night, I tell him, when the paper is read through, and the lamp is burnt out, and the day is gleaming in above those shutters and between those iron bars, that I have a secret to communicate. I communicate to him that secret I tell him, ‘ Defarge, I was brought up among the fishermen of the sea-shore, and that peasant family so injured by the two Evremonde brothers, as that Bastille paper describes, is my family. Defarge, that sister of the mortally wounded boy upon the ground was my sister, that brother was my brother, those dead are my dead, and that summons to answer for those things descends to me ! ’ Ask him, is that so ”

“ It is so,” assented Defarge once more

“ Then tell Wind and Fire where to stop,” returned madame ; “ but don’t tell me ”

Customers entered, and the group was broken up. The English customer paid for what he had had, and asked, as a stranger, to be directed towards the National Palace. Madame Defarge took him to the door, and put her arm on his, in pointing out the road.

He went his way, and was soon swallowed up in the shadow of the prison wall. At the appointed hour, he emerged from it to present himself in Mr Lorry's room again, where he found the old gentleman walking to and fro in restless anxiety.

[Dr Manette had not returned. Where could he be ?]

They were discussing this question when they heard him on the stairs. The instant he entered the room, it was plain that all was lost.

Whether he had really been to any one, or whether he had been all that time traversing the streets, was never known. As he stood staring at them, they asked him no question, for his face told them everything.

"I cannot find it," said he, "and I must have it. Where is it ?"

[He took off his coat and dropped it on the floor.]

"Where is my bench ? I have been looking everywhere for my bench, and I can't find it. What have they done with my work ? Time presses. I must finish those shoes."

They looked at one another, and their hearts died within them.

“Don’t torture a poor forlorn wretch,” he implored them, “but give me my work ! What is to become of us, if those shoes are not done to-night ? ”

[The troubles of the day had brought back the clouds to the mind of Dr. Manette, and he was as they first saw him in the garret of the wine shop.]

“The last chance is gone : it was not much Yes , he had better be taken to her. But, before you go, will you, for a moment, steadily attend to me ? Don’t ask me why I make the stipulations I am going to make, and exact the promise I am going to exact ; I have a reason—a good one ”

“I do not doubt it,” answered Mr Lorry. “Say on.”

Carton stooped to pick up the coat, which lay almost entangling his feet As he did so, a small case in which the Doctor was accustomed to carry the lists of his day’s duties, fell lightly on the floor Carton took it up, and there was a folded paper in it “We should look at this ! ” he said Mr. Lorry nodded his consent He opened it, and exclaimed, “Thank God ! ”

“What is it ? ” asked Mr Lorry, eagerly.

“A moment ! Let me speak of it in its place First,” he put his hand in his coat, and took another paper from it, “that is the certificate which enables me to pass out of this city Look at it. You see—Sydney Carton, an Englishman ? ”

Mr. Lorry held it open in his hand, gazing in his earnest face

"Keep it for me until to-morrow I shall see him to-morrow, you remember, and I had better not take it into the prison."

"Why not ? "

"I don't know , I prefer not to do so. Now, take this paper that Doctor Manette has carried about him It is a similar certificate, enabling him and his daughter and her child, at any time, to pass the barrier and the frontier !

"Yes ! "

"Perhaps he obtained it as his last and utmost precaution against evil, yesterday, put it up carefully with mine and your own. It is good, until recalled But it may be soon recalled, and, I have reason to think, will be "

"They are not in danger ? "

"They are in great danger They are in danger of denunciation by Madame Defarge I have overheard words of that woman's, to-night, which have presented their danger to me in strong colours Don't look so horrified You will save them all "

"Heaven grant I may, Carton ! But how ? "

"You have money, and can buy the means of travelling to the sea-coast Your preparations have been completed for some days, to return to England Early to-morrow have your horses ready, so that they may be in starting trim at two o'clock in the afternoon "

"It shall be done ! "

"Quietly and steadily have all these arrangements made in the courtyard here, even to the taking of your own seat

in the carriage The moment I come to you, take me in, and drive away ”

“ I understand that I wait for you under all circumstances ? ”

“ You have my certificate in your hand with the rest, you know, and will reserve my place Wait for nothing but to have my place occupied, and then for England ! ”

“ Why, then,” said Mr Lorry, “ it does not all depend on one old man, but I shall have a young and ardent man at my side ”

“ By the help of Heaven you shall ! Promise me solemnly that nothing will influence you to alter the course on which we now stand pledged to one another ”

“ Nothing, Carton ”

“ Remember these words to-morrow change the course, or delay in it—for any reason—and no life can possibly be saved, and many lives must inevitably be sacrificed ”

“ I will remember them I hope to do my part faithfully ”

“ And I hope to do mine Now, good-bye ! ”

Though he said it with a grave smile of earnestness, and though he even put the old man’s hand to his lips, he did not part from him then He helped him so far to arouse the rocking figure before the dying embers, as to get a cloak and hat put upon it, and to tempt it forth to find where the bench and work were hidden that it still moaningly besought to have. He walked on the other side of it and protected it to the courtyard of the house where the afflicted heart outwatched the awful night He entered

the courtyard and remained there for a few moments alone, looking up at the light in the window of her room. Before he went away, he breathed a blessing towards it, and a Farewell.

CHAPTER XII.

FIFTY-TWO

IN the black prison of the Conciergerie, the doomed of the day awaited their fate. They were in number as the weeks of the year. Fifty-two were to roll that afternoon on the life-tide of the city to the boundless everlasting sea.

Two score and twelve were told off. From the farmer-general of seventy, whose riches could not buy his life, to the seamstress of twenty, whose poverty and obscurity could not save her.

Charles Darnay, alone in a cell, had sustained himself with no flattering delusion since he came to it from the Tribunal. In every line of the narrative he had heard, he had heard his condemnation. He had fully comprehended that no personal influence could possibly save him.

He wrote a long letter to Lucie, showing her that he had known nothing of her father's imprisonment, until he had heard of it from herself, and that he had been as ignorant as she of his father's and uncle's responsibility for that misery, until the paper had been read.

[To her father himself, he wrote that he expressly confided his wife and child to his care.]

To Mr Lorry, he commended them all, and explained

his worldly affairs That done, with many added sentences of grateful friendship and warm attachment, all was done. He never thought of Carton His mind was so full of the others, that he never once thought of him.

He had time to finish these letters before the lights were put out When he lay down on his straw bed, he thought he had done with this world

[And so the hours of his last night passed]

Footsteps in the stone passage outside the door.

The key was put in the lock, and turned.

The door was quickly opened and closed, and there stood before him face to face, with a cautionary finger on his lip, Sydney Carton.

“ Of all the people upon earth, you least expected to see me ? ” he said

“ I could not believe it to be you I can scarcely believe it now You are not a prisoner ? ”

“ No I am accidentally possessed of a power over one of the keepers here, and in virtue of it I stand before you. I come from her—your wife, dear Darnay ”

The prisoner wrung his hand.

“ I bring you a request from her ”

“ What is it ? ”

“ A most earnest, pressing, and emphatic entreaty, addressed to you in the most pathetic tones of the voice so dear to you.”

The prisoner turned his face partly aside

“ You have no time to ask me why I bring it. You

must comply with it—take off those boots you wear, and draw on these of mine ”

There was a chair against the wall of the cell, behind the prisoner. Carton, pressing forward, had already, with the speed of lightning, got him down into it, and stood over him, barefoot

“ Draw on these boots of mine. Quick ! ”

“ Carton, there is no escaping from this place , it never can be done You will only die with me It is madness ”

“ It would be madness if I asked you to escape , but do I ? When I ask you to pass out at that door, tell me it is madness and remain here. Change that cravat for this of mine, that coat for this of mine While you do it, let me take this ribbon from your hair, and shake out your hair like this of mine ! ”

With wonderful quickness he forced all these changes upon him

“ Carton ! Dear Carton ! It is madness It cannot be accomplished, it has been attempted, and has always failed I implore you not to add your death to the bitterness of mine ”

“ Do I ask you, my dear Darnay, to pass the door ? When I ask that, refuse There are pen and ink and paper on this table Is your hand steady enough to write ? ”

“ It was when you came in ”

“ Steady it again, and write what I shall dictate ”

Pressing his hand to his bewildered head, Darnay sat down at the table Carton, with his right hand in his breast, stood close beside him.

If you remember,' " said Carton, dictating, " ' the words that passed between us, long ago, you will readily comprehend this when you see it. You do remember them, I know. It is not in your nature to forget them ' "

He was drawing his hand from his breast , the prisoner chancing to look up in his hurried wonder as he wrote, the hand stopped, closing upon something

" Have you written ' forget them ' ? " Carton asked.

" I have. Is that a weapon in your hand ? "

" No. Write on , there are but a few words more " He dictated again. " ' I am thankful that the time has come, when I can prove them. That I do so is no subject for regret or grief ' " As he said these words with his eyes fixed on the writer, his hand slowly and softly moved down close to the writer's face

The pen dropped from Darnay's fingers on the table, and he looked about him vacantly

" What vapour is that ? " he asked

" Vapour ? "

" Something that crossed me ? "

" I am conscious of nothing , there can be nothing here. Take up the pen and finish. Hurry, hurry ! "

The prisoner bent over the paper, once more

" ' If it had been otherwise , ' " Carton's hand was again watchfully and softly stealing down ; " ' I never should have used the longer opportunity If it had been otherwise , ' " the hand was at the prisoner's face , " ' I should but have had so much the more to answer for If it had

been otherwise —— ' ” Carton looked at the pen and saw it was trailing off into unintelligible signs

Carton's hand moved back to his breast no more The prisoner sprang up with a reproachful look, but Carton's hand was close and firm at his nostrils, and Carton's left arm caught him round the waist For a few seconds he faintly struggled with the man who had come to lay down his life for him , but, within a minute or so, he was stretched insensible on the ground

Quickly Carton dressed himself in the clothes the prisoner had laid aside, combed back his hair, and tied it with the ribbon the prisoner had worn Then, he softly called, “ Enter there ! Come in ! ” and the Spy presented himself.

“ You see ? ” said Carton, looking up, as he kneeled on one knee beside the insensible figure, putting the paper in the breast “ is your hazard very great ? ”

“ Have no fear ! I shall soon be out of the way of harming you, and the rest will soon be far from here, please God ! Now, get assistance and take me to the coach ”

“ You ? ” said the Spy nervously

“ Him, man, with whom I have exchanged Take him yourself to the courtyard you know of, place him yourself in the carriage, show him yourself to Mr. Lorry, tell him yourself to give him no restorative but air, and to remember my words of last night, and his promise of last night, and drive away ! ”

The Spy withdrew, and Carton seated himself at the table, resting his forehead on his hands. The Spy returned immediately, with two men.

They raised the unconscious figure, placed it on a litter they had brought to the door, and bent to carry it away.

“The time is short, Evremonde,” said the Spy, in a warning voice.

“I know it well,” answered Carton. “Be careful of my friend, I entreat you, and leave me.”

“Come, then, my children,” said Barsad. “Lift him, and come away !”

The door closed, and Carton was left alone.

[Soon afterwards, the door opened and a gaoler said, “Follow me, Evrémonde !”]

The same shadows that are falling on the prison, are falling, in that same hour of the early afternoon, on the Barrier with the crowd about it, when a coach going out of Paris drives up to be examined.

“Who goes here ? Whom have we within ? Papers !”

The papers are handed out and read.

“Alexandre Manette. Physician. French. Which is he ?”

This is he ; this helpless, inarticulately murmuring, wandering old man pointed out.

“Apparently the Citizen-Doctor is not in his right mind.”

“Lucie. His daughter. French. Which is she ?”

This is she.

“Apparently it must be. Lucie, the wife of Evremonde ; is it not ?”

It is.

"Hah! Evremonde has an assignation else? Lucie, her child. English This is she?"

"Kiss me, child of Evrémonde Now, thou hast kissed a good Republican, something new in thy family; remember it! Sydney Carton. Advocate English Which is he?"

He lies here, in this corner of the carriage. He, too, pointed out.

"Apparently the English advocate is in a swoon?"

It is hoped he will recover in the fresher air.

"Jarvis Lorry. Banker. English Which is he?"

"I am he Necessarily, being the last."

* * * * *

"Behold your papers, Jarvis Lorry, countersigned"

"One can depart, citizen?"

"One can depart. Forward, my postilions! A journey!"

"I salute you, citizens—And the first danger passed

These are again the words of Jarvis Lorry, as he clasps his hands, and looks upward There is terror in the carriage, there is weeping, there is the heavy breathing of the insensible traveller.

* * * * *

The night comes on dark. He moves more, he begins to revive, and to speak intelligibly, he thinks they are still together, he asks him, by his name, what he has in his hand. O pity us, kind Heaven, and help us Look out, look out, and see if we are pursued.

The wind is rushing after us, and the clouds are flying after us, and the moon is plunging after us, and the whole wild night is in pursuit of us ; but, so far, we are pursued by nothing else

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FOOTSTEPS DIE OUT FOR EVER

ALONG the Paris streets, the death-carts rumble, hollow and harsh. Six tumbrils carry the day's wine to La Guillotine

As the sombre wheels of the six carts go round, they seem to plough up a long crooked furrow among the poplance in the streets.

At the steps of a church, awaiting the coming-up of the tumbrils, stands the Spy and prison-sheep. He looks into the first of them — not there. He looks into the second — not there. He already asks himself, "Has he sacrificed yet?" when his face clears, as he looks into the third.

"Which is Evrémonde?" says the man behind him

"That. At the back there."

The man cries, "Down, Evremonde! To the Guillotine all aristocrats! Down, Evremonde!"

"Hush, hush!" the Spy entreats him, timidly

But the man continuing to exclaim, "Down, Evrémonde!" the face of Evremonde is for a moment turned towards him. Evremonde then sees the Spy, and looks attentively at him, and goes his way

The clocks are on the stroke of three, and the furrow ploughed among the populace is turning round, to come on into the place of execution, and end. The ridges thrown to this side and to that, now crumble in and close behind the last plough as it passes on, for all are following to Guillotine.

The tumbrils begin to discharge their loads. The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready. Crash !—A head is held up, and the knitting-women who scarcely lifted their eyes to look at it a moment ago when it could think and speak, count One.

The second tumbril empties and moves on ; the third comes up. Crash !—And the knitting-women, never faltering or pausing in their work, count Two.

The supposed Evremonde descends. She who goes next before him—is gone ; the knitting-women count Twenty-Two.

“ I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord : he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live : and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.”

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-Three.

They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peacefullest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

One of the most remarkable sufferers by the same axe, had asked at the foot of the same scaffold, not long before, be allowed to write down the thoughts that were inspiring him. If he had given any utterance to his, and they were phetic, they would have been these :

I see Barsad, and Cly, Defarge, the Juryman, the Judge, long ranks of the new oppressors who have risen on the destruction of the old, perishing by this retributive instrument. I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this abyss, and, in their struggles to be truly free, through long long years to come, I see the evil of this time and of the previous time of which this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for itself and wearing out.

"I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous and happy, in that England which I shall see no more. I see Her with a child upon her bosom, who bears my name. I see her father, aged and bent, but otherwise restored, and faithful to all men in his healing office, and at peace. I see the good old man, so long their friend, in ten years' time enriching them with all he has, and passing tranquilly to his reward.

"I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence. I see her, an old woman, weeping for me on the anniversary of this day. I see her and her husband, their course done, lying side by side in their last earthly bed, and I know that each was not more honoured and held sacred in the other's soul, than I was in the souls of both.

"I see that child who lay upon her bosom and who bore

my name, a man winning his way up in that path on which once was mine. I see him winning it so well, my name is made illustrious there by the light of his; I see the blots I threw upon it, faded away; I see in the foremost of just judges and honoured men

“It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known”

THE END.